

No. 106

MERRY ENGLAND

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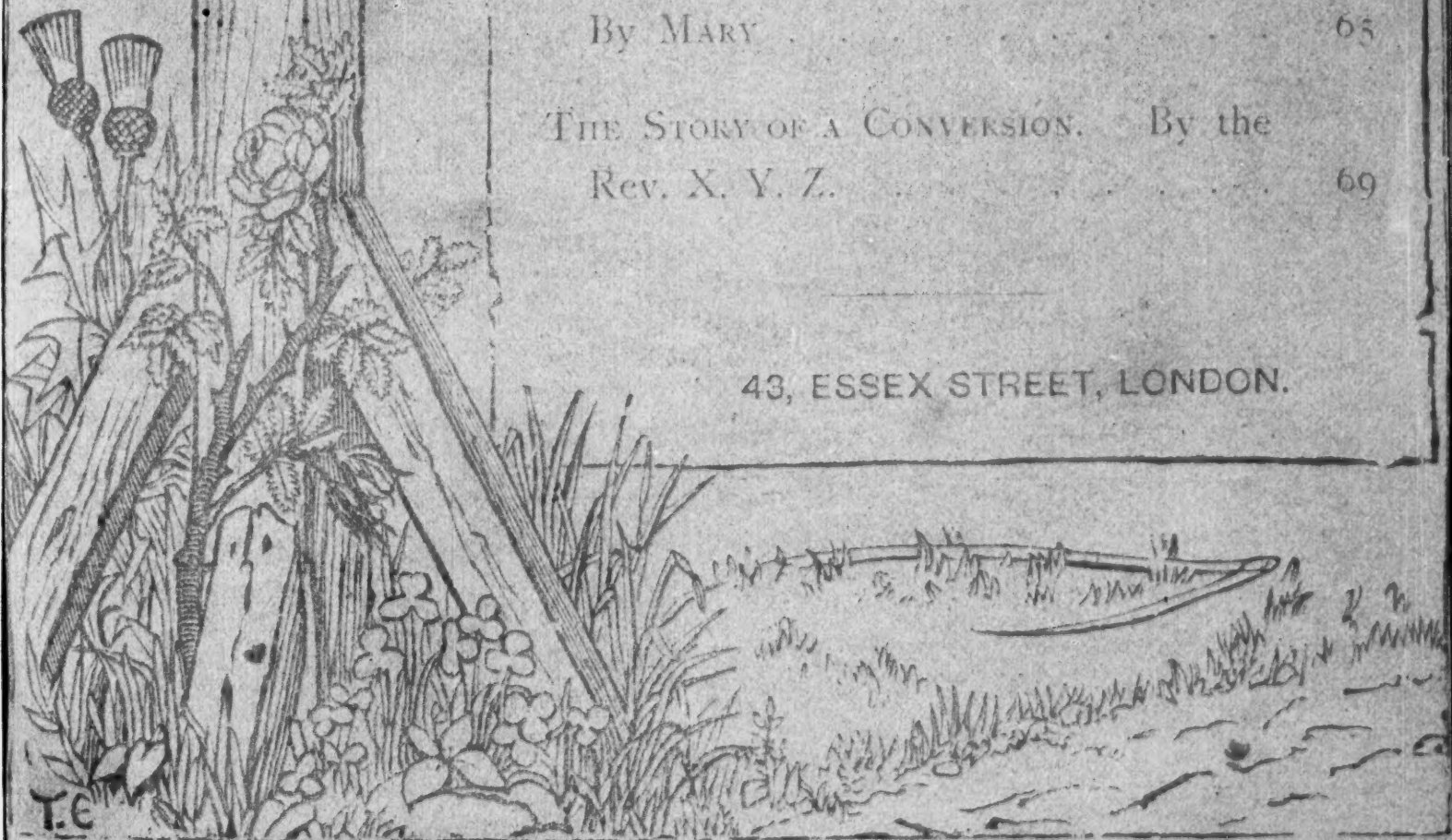
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[MONTHLY.

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MERRY ENGLAND.

An Illustrated Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

MAY—OCTOBER, 1892.

H. R. SHIELD,
43, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THEY called thee "Merry England" in old time ;
A happy people won for thee that name,
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ?
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?
Forbid it, Heaven !—that Merry England still
May be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme !

—*Wordsworth.*



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THE ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF WESTMINSTER.

From a Photograph by Guttenberg, Manchester.

MERRY ENGLAND.

MAY, 1892.

Clare Vaughan.

SOME nineteen years of quiet, uneventful girl-life, some ten months away in a Convent at Amiens, and then death—one would say it was not much to write a book about. Certainly of incident or action, of movement or contrast, of the things that go to make up a busy human drama, there was little enough in the life of Clare Vaughan. Lady Lovat had no background, or setting of circumstance, to make her story easy; and yet we have had from her a sweet and a most sincere book. It is just the life-record of a young and enthusiastic girl who vowed herself to the service of God, and then spent her few years in striving daily to be better.

We leave our readers to consult Lady Lovat's volume for themselves for a detailed account of Clare's childhood and early girlhood, and pass at once to see her as she was, and is now presented to us by Lady Lovat, at seventeen. We find her an eager, impulsive girl, inclined to be enthusiastic about everything in her likes and her dislikes, quick and easily roused, and yet with gentle and most winning ways—a girl not likely to do anything by halves, and with her choice made. In a passage of great literary directness her friend recalls her impressions upon

the occasion of Clare Vaughan's first visit to Ince Blundell. After telling of all the castles in the air that had been built and the hopes that had been formed, she continues :

And through it all there was the odd sensation—perhaps misgiving—shall we find each other changed? Shall we be all that we were to each other? And a thousand other vague feelings one can hardly give a name to. At last the day arrived. How well I remember the very room we were sitting in—the time of day—and at last Clare's arrival. When the general excitement had a little subsided, we went up together to show her her room; the room close to mine, where we were to be so happy together. Then for the first time we began to talk, and I to take a good look at her. As she was then I shall remember her all my life—exactly as she stood in her brown dress—a dress which meant nothing, as was the nature of Clare's gowns, but was merely the simplest of coverings to a body which looked already less body than soul. Clare was then seventeen-and-a-half, that is to say, what is the fashion to call “out,” launched into society; but nothing could look less like a young lady prepared to take that desperate plunge than the slight girlish figure which I see so plainly before me when I shut my eyes and call back that beloved past. I remember the first impression was, “How beautiful she is! How much better looking than I expected to find her!” I suppose it was the flush of excitement of arriving which for a moment gave her ordinarily pale cheeks a slight momentary flush, which added to the lustre of her deep brown eyes. . . . How much we had to say to each other, and as in all friendships after absence—because nobody, however sincere, can exactly express their very selves in a letter—how much there was to learn about each other. And then I discovered that what I had vaguely suspected had indeed taken place. We had parted the greatest friends, almost equals; but now I saw she was not only miles ahead of me in every way, but she was in a different hemisphere. It made no difference to our friendship, rather it deepened it; but henceforth it was the master and his disciple. The next few days I count amongst the most perfectly happy of my life. Little by little I drew from her the history of her life in the interval since we parted: but it was not so much in the meagre detail of a life which had been so peculiarly uneventful, spent almost entirely within four walls, but in the tone of her mind, in the way she treated every subject, in her plans for the future, that I discovered how entirely God had taken possession of a heart in which He was now First and Only. I must ac-

knowledge that it was not without a desperate pang that I found out, first in one way and then in another, how Clare had become indifferent, or had gradually detached herself from pleasures innocent, indeed, but still not wholly for God or of God—pleasures to which I clung with all my human heart. I remember at last frantically reproaching her with caring for nothing on earth—for giving up a thousand things which she had once held dear. Our life together had been such a delightful one, so full of impossible but glorious dreams, so full, so complete. But it was not to be. Clare had passed by these.

She had made her choice, and for her there was no looking back, and the renouncement was made. Probably Clare had by nature her full share of those egoistic claims, those rebellious impulses and vagabond longings of the heart, which in one way or other trouble most of us ; but already she was beginning to tread the difficult way, to loosen from her every human tie, and to school herself into leading the detached life. In her vehement way she was strongly attracted in literature to whatever was romantic and heroic and passionate, and, with the taste of the time, delighted in the poetry of Byron. In one of her letters she writes to her friend N—— : “ I want most awfully to read ‘Lara’ to you. It is so beautifully written, such an intensity of feeling and passion in it, and consequently so *melancholy*.” Then comes the quick afterthought : “ The worst of such books is that there is danger of their becoming *too* engrossing.” Those words were the keynote to much that came afterwards in Clare Vaughan’s life. Little by little she came to put aside all that she had found gladness in, everything that could in any way lure her heart from the love of God. The pleasures were innocent enough in themselves, but they were not leading her to perfection, and so with the fine courage of her young life she laid them aside. Even her beloved books were given up one after another : “ Shelley, Byron, all the poets she had taken the greatest delight in, and who in a special way made appeal to an ardent soul like hers, which was by nature so keenly alive to everything melancholy, wild, or heroic—all were given up. That

page of her life was closed." One is reminded by these words of another girlhood and another renouncement. Maggie Tulliver says to her lover: "'Ah! I know what you mean about music. I feel so; at least,' she added in a saddened tone, 'I used to feel so when I had any music.'" And about books: "'No, I have given up books,' said Maggie, quietly, 'except a few, a very, very few.'" Then, pressed by Philip to accept a copy of "The Pirate," "'No, thank you,' said Maggie, putting it aside with her hand and walking on, 'it would make me in love with this world again, as I used to be—it would make me long to see and know many things—it would make me long for a full life.'" And what an instructive contrast surely is here between the experiences of Maggie Tulliver, whose sorrows the genius of George Eliot has made so real for us, and that of this true child of Catholicism. Maggie Tulliver, with her poor little pagan soul, never had a moment of insight for the real meaning and value of renunciation. She had tried blindly to follow the letter of the teaching of the "Imitation," but with no knowledge of its spirit. And her abandonment of healthy human pleasures only served to numb her faculties and to starve her soul—to cramp and narrow her life. In all the range of literature there are not many passages much more pathetic than this—pathetic because the renouncement was all so blind, and vain, and unavailing: "'I have been a great deal happier,' said Maggie at last, timidly, 'since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.'" But Maggie Tulliver was outside the fold and without knowledge of Catholic teaching, and her brief asceticism led her by strange roads till it ended disastrously. Her renunciation was done without any relation to a supernatural end, and, after all, was only a subtle and rather roundabout way of seeking happiness for herself, or at least

contentment. But if Clare Vaughan denied herself one amusement after another, and tried to become detached from the world, it was for a better reason than to spare herself the discomfort of disappointed personal claims. She was consciously separating herself from all that could make her in love with the earth, in order that she might give herself with an undivided allegiance to God. And one feels it was her nature to go far, she would know no halting-place or half-way house; and in her first fervour she passes strange judgments. She cannot understand, for instance, how one who is a priest can possibly care to travel all the way to Spain to see an eclipse. "Is it not extraordinary," she writes. "I can't understand how anyone who has given himself to God could take such interest in anything except what was for God's greater glory."

Of her wonderful love and devotion for the Blessed Sacrament, her letters of this period, and indeed all through her life, give touching proof. Whatever else she writes about, she is sure to get back to her old subject before long. And if questioned upon the point she would probably have answered, and in her earnest, enthusiastic way, "But what on earth else is there to write about?" We read that:

Her prayers might be said to be continual. Whenever she could she escaped from the house to go and spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament, there to kneel entranced in the presence of Him Who remains for ever a Victim of love upon our altars. The smaller, the poorer, the more neglected the chapel the better; Jesus was there—it was enough. What she loved best was to kneel among the poor at the bottom of the chapel, too glad if she were mistaken for one of those favoured children of the Lord. If by any accident the church door was locked, it was the greatest happiness to her to kneel on the steps of the entrance.

But it was not in Clare's nature to stick always to beaten paths, and she was likely to want to make a short cut even in getting to Heaven. She had given up her favourite poets, but the romance in her blood was likely to show itself somewhere.

If she must no longer let her thoughts wander out after the

deeds of interesting pirates and melancholy corsairs, at least there were the heroes of her other world—and what heroes were like the Saints of God? “I suppose,” she writes, “you must often feel sick of the world, you must often feel that you crave for something greater, higher, to satisfy you than what the world can offer. What heroic creatures the Saints were? After all they are the only true heroes the world has seen. I often think that there is perhaps an immense deal of the stuff of which heroism is made in women’s hearts, but that conventionalism and its laws crushes it down.” With such views—she was then about eighteen—it is not surprising that this generous-hearted girl should have sometimes tried to take Heaven by storm, and in rather surprising ways. Take this as an example of her brave, yet simple ingenuity, in mortification :

How well I remember (says her friend N——) one day when we were returning from a village in the neighbourhood. We happened to be passing through a stubble field, and breaking off suddenly from what she had been talking about, she cried, “I have a splendid idea! Supposing we take off our shoes and stockings and walk barefoot through the stubble field?” It was no sooner said than done, and I can see now the calm enjoyment with which Clare walked up and down those cruel many-bristling thorns, followed by the sympathetic shrieks of her cowardly companion, who very soon resumed shoes and stockings, till at last she was obliged to succumb and allow the poor bleeding feet to be tied up.

The same friend tells another anecdote which somehow lingers and finds a separate place for itself in the memory :

A few days before she was to leave everybody happened to be dining out, and we had—rare occurrence—the whole house to ourselves. I remember this prospect of an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* was one we thoroughly enjoyed. We discussed how we should spend it, whether we should sit out in the garden or spend it over our books, when Clare suggested : “Supposing we assemble all the servants in the schoolroom first; we will have the Rosary before the statue of Our Lady, then I will speak to them about the love of God for sinners, etc.” I shall always regret that with truly British *mauvaise honte* I implored her to

give up this wild (for so it seemed to me) idea. I can see now Clare's face, with its bright earnest look, as she answered my objections. How it would be so easy—quite impossible to break down, etc. A few days after and Clare left Ince. We never met again.

Probably every reader will feel a twofold sympathy for the lady who relates this incident—sympathy with her in her impulse to resist the girl's wild desire, and a stronger sympathy with her in her long regret that she had not yielded to it.

But though Clare Vaughan never cared greatly to count cost or calculate sacrifice in a cause in which her heart was enlisted, it must not be supposed that she was in any way of a flighty disposition or wanting in sound, sober good sense. On the contrary, her letters abound in shrewd and excellent advice especially when she was addressing her friend N——, who was some years younger than herself. For instance, when N—— had, very prematurely, been troubling herself about her vocation, she is told by Clare not to worry :

These doubts of yours may or may not be temptations. If they are temptations don't flatter the devil by bothering yourself about them. After all, the great thing you have to look to is to do God's will in your present state of life. Don't trouble yourself so much about the future. Your path is plainly marked out for you for some years. Your work is to be obedient, patient, humble, and gentle to all, and to keep as much as you can in God's presence. If you do all this God will reward you by showing you His will about your state of life.

But while Clare Vaughan was thus advising another not to trouble too much about her vocation, she had no doubt about her own. She had always meant to be a Poor Clare—had settled that long ago when she was still in the schoolroom ; but now she was anxious to be allowed to take the veil at once. The delicate state of her health seems for some time to have been considered a serious objection to such a step, but her vehement wish at length overcame every opposition. It needs an effort to realise the kind of aching longing with which this delicately nurtured girl of nineteen waited for and looked forward to all the

austerities and hardships of the life of a Poor Clare. For never assuredly did anyone enter a Convent helped by so little illusion. She knew it was suffering she was going to face, and wanted it because it was suffering. Writing to her father, she says: "The words of Our Lord, 'You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you,' is a rather awful truth to contemplate. But I have prayed daily for so many years to know my vocation, that I quite trust I am not mistaken when I say I think that the Order of the Poor Clares is the one I believe God has called me to. . . . I shall not be taken by surprise by the austerities, etc., as I go on purpose that all my senses, and every sort of power I possess, may be mortified and put down. It would be silly and absurd, indeed, to expect anything but that; and that, with the help of God's grace, I hope to remain and die there." At last Colonel Vaughan gave his consent, and Clare writes to her friend N—— to tell her of the great secret—for she wants no fuss about leave-taking — rather will cut the ties keeping her in the world resolutely and in silence, and let others find out about it when it is over and done. And so N—— is told to get prayers from others, and herself to pray "like wildfire," but to guard the secret. Then at the end of the letter comes the characteristic phrase: "Don't you think my secret *gloriously* magnificent for me? I am always thinking of it."

Once more, the night before she went, she wrote (says Lady Lovat) to this same dear friend:

And as one reads it one feels that a cry of pain from this one who was to be left behind, who was to be without her for evermore, reached her, and perhaps for one instant ruffled the calm, or rather the blissful, rapture with which Clare contemplated parting with all—father, relations, friends, country, all things. It begins thus: "Although it is midnight, I really cannot leave home without writing to you and assuring you that you will ever be loved by me, and that you never *can* be forgotten. I was very glad indeed to receive your long letter this morning; but why do you think that I have changed in my feelings towards you? You must not think or say that, dearest N——, because it is so

untrue. I am not worth all the love you bestow on me. You do not know me ; if you did you would not care for me as much as you do. But your letter was just like your own self, full of affection and generosity. . . . But really now I *must* say farewell until we meet in that better land. May God bless you, and Mary, our sweet Mother, watch over you, and may the holy angels guard you and protect you, and may you never forget in your prayers your friend and cousin."

One other letter she managed to scribble to her uncle, Father Edmund Vaughan :

It is a far greater trial for me than you have any idea of not seeing you again before I leave for my home at Amiens. It seems too glorious to think I am really going to go to-day! And yet it is true. . . . It is just time to start, so you will, I hope, excuse this blotty concern. A thousand thanks for your note, and for all your kindness and charity. Do remember me particularly to-morrow. Do pray that I may persevere. The thought of my own unworthiness oppresses me so much at times that if anything could make me come to a standstill that would.

It was on April 8th, 1861, that Colonel Vaughan took his daughter to the Convent of the Poor Clares at Amiens ; and nine months later she was buried there. The sufferings and hardships she had foreseen were there, and she faced them all quietly and without complaint as long as her health made it possible. Her father had given his consent very reluctantly, knowing how frail her health had always been at home ; but she was fretting her life out to go, and he thought that the hard rule of the Poor Clares was less to be dreaded " than an opposition which threatened to undermine her health altogether." But it was very difficult for her to conform to her new way of life. At home she had been too delicate to be allowed to abstain even on Fridays ; at Amiens it was fasting and perpetual abstinence from year's end to year's end. Besides the vegetable diet, which was physically repugnant to her—so much so that at times she could hardly swallow even the pieces of bread they set before her—Clare had now to accustom herself to other privations. There was no meal at all until twelve o'clock, and that

the only one in the day ; unless "a piece of bread and beer at six o'clock" can be described as a meal. Moreover, all the work of the Community, the manual and menial offices, dusting, sweeping, cooking, and washing, had to be done by the Sisters themselves. It cost Clare much to get accustomed to the kitchen, "to wash the plates and dishes after dinner caused her the greatest nausea." She writes to N——: "I go to the kitchen every day and help to do the work. Yesterday I cleaned the buttery greasy dishes with my hands ! It was torture at first, and I thought I should have been sick. But you know *for the love of God*, how powerful that is, and how easy all things become when it is for Him we work. I sweep the stairs also every day." And so the weeks and the months went, and Clare, always growing weaker and weaker, was still cheerfully faithful to the rule. At times too, through this Convent chronicle, we seem to get a glimpse of the old Clare who went barefoot over the stubble fields at Ince Blundell. With all her love and admiration for those "great creatures," the hero Saints, Clare was not likely to be content now, any more than before, with any ordinary way of getting to Heaven. The routine of Convent austerities, the work and the watchings, the praying and the fastings, were all welcome to her ; but the imaginative enthusiasm of the girl would find vent for itself in other ways as well. One day she proposed to a sister novice this startling variation upon Convent discipline :

Then listen (said she), listen: we will go and try and find a big cord, as well as the crown of thorns which is in the noviceship ; then we will ask leave to remain alone to-night to watch before the Blessed Sacrament. After Matins, if we get leave, when all the Nuns have gone to bed, we will shut ourselves in, and you will fasten me to the bars of the grille with the rope which I shall fasten round my neck. Then I shall put on the crown of thorns—Our Lord will forgive us for extinguishing for a few moments the sanctuary lamp—then you will provide yourself with a discipline, and you will use it with all your strength, so that I should be all bleeding. Then we will prostrate and offer ourselves as victims of reparation to Jesus in the Holy Sacrament.

Meanwhile, distressing accounts began to reach Colonel Vaughan as to the state of his daughter's health. At last, thoroughly alarmed, he wrote a letter, full of manly tenderness, to the Mother Abbess, in which he reminds her of her great responsibility, and asks her to consider seriously whether it was right for Clare "to continue any longer in her present state of life." The answer to this appeal is not before us; nor was it of consequence, for already Clare was standing at the gates of death. The positive rapture with which she welcomed the news that she was to die is of a kind just to take one's breath away. It was not resignation merely, or patient willingness to do the will of God. It was much more than that—it was an out-leap of gladness. Death is a privilege to her, something which she had hardly dared to hope for so soon, the fulfilment of the closest need of her heart. To her father she writes: "You have heard from our Mother Abbess that the doctor has pronounced my recovery impossible, and that I may at any time receive Extreme Unction. I cannot resist writing to tell you with what immense happiness the glorious news has filled me. My only grief is to think of you, my darling papa, and of all the loved ones at home who cannot yet share my happiness. O Papa, I cannot tell you how inexpressibly happy I am. In a few days I take the vows. All my desires are being accomplished, and I can only thank our Beloved Lord for all His mercies. I will pray so immensely for you when I am in Heaven, and will try to console you, my own darling papa." Again, writing to tell her news—that she is dying—to her Uncle Edmund, she wonders to herself how she can bear to speak of other things—the little Convent rules which had prevented her from writing to him before, when she has such grand tidings behind: "I am astonished that I have enough patience to explain all this to you when I have such *glorious* news to tell you, namely, that I may hope in a very short time, in a few days, perhaps, to die." And all the while, the ties of sweet human affection were strong

within her. Her father's sorrow specially was often in her thoughts ; to him she writes : " I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your letter this morning. Your letters always fill me with joy though I cannot help the tears starting to my eyes. . . . What a happiness to see you again, my *more than beloved* papa, as you speak of coming if my illness gets serious. But you could only see me at the grille ; as for entering the infirmary, nothing less than a permission from the Pope could effect it. Though I cannot kiss your beloved face, and tell you so a thousand times, there is not one of your children who loves you with such intensity as your most devoted child, Sister Marie Clare de l'Enfant Jésus."

When Death came near, and the breath of his "winnowing wings" was upon her, she was still as serenely confident and happy as when she first learned the doctor's sentence that she could never recover. Her confidence in the love and goodness of God was absolute, and seemed simply to exclude fear. But even on the death-bed there was room for the play of the old characteristic qualities that had marked her life—the same courage, the same enthusiasm, and the same cheerfulness. A few moments before her death she looked up at the window of the infirmary, and whispered : " It is very cold, is it not ? " A Sister bending over her, and finding her hands were like ice, brought a hot-water tin. The dying girl motioned it away with the words : " Perhaps it would be better to suffer this slight discomfort." When a few days before they had given her a piece of chocolate, as she could take no other form of nourishment, she looked up and said with a smile, " O ! I couldn't eat all that, it would make me live too long, and I am longing so to depart." And at last, when the Community was gathered round the bed of death saying the Litany aloud, the Abbess said to her, " Courage, my child, courage ; death is not far off," she replied : " It is all very well to say ' Courage, Clare, courage,'—when as yet I can only see Heaven through a tiny little hole";

and in saying this she explained herself by holding up her hand half-closed, so that only a little scrap of daylight could be seen through. When Death came a few hours later, he came with gentleness, and the soul of Clare Vaughan passed peacefully away.

We have written at greater length than we had intended, but it was hard to stop. Still, we feel that we have given a very imperfect idea of Lady Lovat's book. We have not even said a word about the influence which was the strongest and most constant in the life of Clare Vaughan—first, deepest, and last—the influence of her mother. However, probably we have said enough to lead some of our readers to wish to know more of the "Life of Clare Vaughan." It is a pity a little more care was not bestowed upon the proof-sheets—as it is, the dates are hopelessly mixed.

The Making of Viola.

1.

Pater Coelorum.

SPIN, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din ;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

Angeli.

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola !

2.

Pater Coelorum.

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angeli.

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola !

3.

Pater Coelorum.

Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes,
Wood-browed pools of Paradise—
Young Jesus, for the eyes,
For the eyes of Viola.

Angeli.

Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Duskèd eye for Viola !

4.

Pater Coelorum.

Cast a star therein to drown,
Like a torch in cavern brown,
Sink a burning star to drown
Whelmed in eyes of Viola.

Angeli.

Lave, Prince Jesus, a
Star in eyes of Viola !

5.

Pater Coelorum.

Breathe, Lord Paraclete,
To a bubbled crystal meet—
Breathe, Lord Paraclete—
Crystal soul for Viola.

Angeli.

Breathe, Regal Spirit, a
Flashing soul for Viola !

The Making of Viola.

6.

Pater Coelorum.

Child-angels, from your wings
Fall the roseal hoverings,
Child-angels, from your wings,
On the cheeks of Viola.

Angeli.

Linger, rosy reflex, a
Quenchless stain, on Viola !

7.

Omnibus perfectis, dicit Pater Coelorum.

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
Bear her down on spyless wing,
Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
With a sound of viola.

Angeli.

Music as her name is, a
Sweet sound of viola !

8.

Wheeling angels, past espial,
Danced her down with sound of viol ;
Wheeling angels past espial,
Descanting on "Viola."

Angeli.

Sing, in our footing, a
Lovely lilt of "Viola !"

9.

Infante juxta matrem relictâ, discedunt.

Smile, 'sweet mother, smile,
For you will have weeping-while ;
What brought travail, bringeth smile—
Can its name be Viola ?

Laugh the leaving angels—" Ah !
What else but Viola ? "

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Nature of Friendship :

A FUGUE IN THE BASS.

PART I.

"The ground of friendship is a mystery; but, looking back, I can discern that in part we loved the thing he was for some shadow of what he was to be."

R. L. STEVENSON, "Memories and Portraits."

"Many of us friends," says St. Augustine, "weary of the troubles and vexations of life, had almost resolved to withdraw from the world, and live in quiet. Our plan was, that each should bring in what he had to the common stock, where, by sincerity of friendship, one should not claim this and the other that; but the whole should belong to everyone, and everything to all. There were about ten of us that were ready to join this society, amongst whom some were very rich, especially Romanianus, my fellow-townsmen and familiar friend from my childhood, who was the most in earnest in this matter, and having much larger means than any of the rest had the most power to promote it. It was agreed that two of us yearly, like magistrates, should take the management of affairs; and the rest, being quiet and without trouble, should devote themselves to the pursuit of wisdom."

"No one either loves or serves a man who works day and night . . . whose genius . . . will not bear fruit under twenty years. This is because this man has identified his personality with his own works, and because all personality is odious when it is not accompanied by power. . . . This will be enough to convince you that one must be either an angel or an oyster to attach oneself to any of these great human rocks. Oysters and angels are equally rare among human beings. I should have loved you as an astonishing curiosity if I did not already bear you the deepest and strongest fraternal affection."

BALZAC.

“Cette amoureuse ardeur qui dans les cœurs s’excite
N’est point, comme l’on sait, un effet du mérite ;
Le caprice y prend part ; et quand quelqu’un nous plait,
Souvent nous avons peine à dire pourquoi c’est.
Si l’on aimait, Monsieur, par choix et par sagesse,
Vous auriez tout mon cœur et toute ma tendresse ;
Mais on voit que l’amour se gouverne autrement ;
Laissez-moi, je vous prie, à mon aveuglement.”
MOLIÈRE, “Les Femmes Savantes.”

“Jamais deux personnes n’ont lu le même livre ni regardé le même tableau.”

MADAME SWETCHINE.

THEY were all there—the “old Professor”; and his daughter, the “house-mistress,” Jean Campbell; and the pretty sister, Louie, with her future husband, George Morpeth; and Allan Stewart, the “young Professor’s” friend, with little Donald Campbell, the only grandchild, on his knee; and Jack Campbell (“the Doctor,”) and “Mrs. Jack”; and all the younger members of that numerous family—all there, in the big, old-fashioned drawing-room, waiting for the eldest son of the house, Donald (like the sturdy three-year-old riding on Stewart’s knee), to bring them his new wife.

Jean was saying to Stewart: “I remember so well her home-coming—my first sister-in-law—more than four years ago. I had a selfish terror that she would rob me of Donald. Poor Maimie! You know how it all turned out—her sweet, short life, and how we broke through our cautious Scotch ways, and took her at once to all our hearts. Donald and I were firmer friends than ever from the day she came.”

“But Donald says that each experience that you and he share only draws you the closer together,” said Stewart. “The tie between twin children is strong, all the world allows; but the sympathy between *twin souls*——”

Little Donald slipped away from Stewart, and threw himself upon Aunt Jean with a cry: “Is Dads never coming? I’ve forgotten Dads. What will he be like, Auntie?”

"No wonder, little man!" said Stewart, in extenuation. "He has been seven months away."

"Eight months," corrected Jean, "and already over six months married. We are sure we shall like Margaret," she added, with unusual emphasis. "She writes very pretty letters, all about her husband. My father says there can be no doubt about her devotion to Donald, the letters are so full of him."

They were talking apart from the rest, Jean and Stewart. Donald was so much to both of them! And Jean—never divining it—was so much to Stewart! There were shaded lamps on tables far away from them; but they sat in a growing twilight, evolving out of a north-west window, across the garden (where rose bushes, and hollyhocks, and stone *tasse*, and all tall objects "stood black every one" against the lightsome northern sky), and across the dead-flat Links, to far-off streaks of silver sea. Little Donald was calmer than anyone. He was ruffling his best curls against Jean's shoulder, and soon it was easy to see he would be asleep on that accustomed pillow. "How late they are!" said two or three voices. The "old Professor" looked at his watch: he moved about restlessly.

"Sing something, children," he said. They were all on the tip-toe of expectation. None could settle down, even to steady talking. The Professor's suggestion of music was welcome. Louie and her younger sister, Alice, went to the piano. Louie's George prepared to turn over the leaves. He was, at all times, the serviceable knight. They sang "Related Souls," anonymous verses found in an old paper called the *Emerald*, which a musical relation had set to a solemn minor chant:

Between us may roll the severing ocean
That girdles the land where the red sun sets,
But the spell and the thrill of the strange emotion
Which touched us once is upon us yet.
Ever your soul shadows mine, o'erleaning
The deepest shades of my inmost thought,
And still on my heart comes back the meaning
Of all your eloquent lips have taught.

Time was not made for spirits like ours
Nor the changing light of the changing hours ;
For the life eternal still lies below
The drifted leaves and the fallen snow.

On Jean's shining eyes rested her one claim to beauty. They were glittering now as she listened—gazing out to the white sky of the north—to words that came clear and distinct from those conscientious Scottish lips that blurred no syllable.

"I know that song would make you think of Donald at *any* time," Stewart said gently, as the last chords of the pathetic music died away.

"And you know," she answered, "how the other verses tell that those 'twin souls' were parted. Indeed, the cry of their broken hearts is heard in every bar of the song." There was a suppressed wail in her own voice.

"They were lovers," he put in, reassuringly ; "lovers, as well as friends. Sister-friends are on a safer level."

Chords struck clear from our human nature
Will vibrate still to that past delight,
When our genius sprang to its highest stature,
And we walked like gods on the spirit-height.
Can we forget, while these memories waken
Like golden strings 'neath the player's hands,
Or as palms that quiver by night winds shaken
Warm with the breath of the perfumed lands ?
Philosophy lifted her torch on high,
And we read the deep things of the spirit thereby,
And I stood in the strength your teaching gave
As under Truth's mighty architrave.
Royally crowned were those moments of feeling,
Or sad with the softness of twilight skies,
While silent tears came mournfully stealing
Up through the purple depths of our eyes.
I think of you now while ocean is dashing
The foam in a thunder of silver spray,
And the glittering gleams of the white oars flashing
Die in the sunset flush of the day.
For all things beautiful, free, divine,
The music that floats through the waving pine,
The starry night, or the infinite sea,
Speak with the breath of your spirit to me.

The Nature of Friendship.

All my soul's unfulfilled aspiration,
 Founts that flow from eternal streams,
 Awoke to life like a new creation
 In the Paradise light of your glowing dreams.
 As gold refined in a three-fold fire,
 As the Talith robe of the sainted dead,
 Were the pure high aims of our hearts' desire,
 The words we uttered, the thoughts half said.
 We spoke of the grave with a voice unmoved,
 Of love that could die as a thing disproved ;
 And we poured the rich wine, and drank at our pleasure,
 Of the higher life, without stint or measure.

Time fled onward without our noting,
 Soft as the fall of the summer rain,
 While thoughts in starry cascades came floating
 Down from the living founts of the brain.
 Yet—better apart ! Without human aidance
 I cross the river of Life and fate.
 Wake me no more with a voice whose cadence
 Could lure me back from the golden gate :
 For my spirit would answer your spirit's call
 Tho' life lay hid where the death shadows fall ;
 And the mystic joys of a world unseen
 Would be less to me than the joys that have been.

Life may be fair in that new existence
 Where Saints are crowned and the saved rejoice,
 But over the breadth of the infinite distance
 I'll lean, and listen to hear your voice.
 For never on earth, tho' tempest rages,
 And never in Heaven, if God be just,
 Never thro' all the unnumbered ages,
 Can souls be parted that love and trust.
 Wait. There are worlds diviner than this,
 Worlds of splendour, of knowledge, of bliss !
 Across the death-river, the victory won,
 We shall meet in the light of a changeless sun.

She was very quiet lest she should disturb the little Donald, whose sleep the music did not trouble ; but Stewart could see how intensely nervous she was as the moment of this meeting drew near.

More to herself than to him she murmured : " I was full of foreboding when Maimie came ; yet the only sorrow she brought

was the early sorrow of losing her. . . . Margaret's portrait is attractive. It is delicately pretty, sweet, and refined. . . . If Donald had written oftener—and *differently!* . . . If only he had been more anxious to have come to us. . . . Father augurs well from her letters. . . . I wish I were not so apprehensive! After all, Donald's choice must be a wise choice." And then, startled, she added, turning to Stewart: "It is like treason to say these things! I could not say them to the dear brothers. But *you* are his friend, and love him almost as I do. I can trust you—can I not—never to breathe one word of my nervous fears? Soon, I hope, we shall see her, and *know* how silly and unfounded my anxiety has been." She tried to smile.

Near the piano Alice was saying to Louie: "I think Jean was wrong to tell us to leave our finery upstairs. It is all very well to say white frocks put dusty travellers out of countenance; but it is quite late, you see, Lou; and Margaret will come and find a large gathering of plainly-dressed sisters-in-law, in a big, lamp-lit room. We *ought* to have been resplendent in our best evening dresses; I *know* we ought!"

Jack and his wife had changed places with the musicians, and when Elsie's voice flung, clear and true, the first line of Sir Philip Sydney's "Friendship" across the long, low room, Jean could no longer stay quite still. Gently laying the sleeping child on a soft pillow, she placed both on Stewart's arm, saying: "He came from you to me. I give him back to you. I must go and sit by my father."

Professor Campbell was resting his elbow on the arm of his great chair—his white head upon his hand—listening to the singing with the strained attention and the "dull ear" of old age. Jean drew a little seat for herself by him, and stroked his disengaged hand, thus comforting the restlessness of both.

There was great oppressiveness in this waiting. Only Louie and Morpeth were proof against it; and they, a little apart

from the others, were now busily love-making over a book of etchings.

Elsie (who knew that nothing contributed so much to the cheerfulness of the Campbell family as an argument) came across the room, when the song was done, quite glad at having thought of something that might relieve the tension.

"What do you say to this, Father?" she asked the "old Professor." "And you, Jeanie; what say you? Jack will have it that what he loves in a friend is his friend's *qualities*. I tell him, if so, he does not love his friend at all! I—now *I*—love the very selves of my friends; and I love them for old sake's sake; and——"

"Is 'old sake's sake' the 'very self' of a friend?" asked her husband, mockingly, at the same moment that Elsie was repeating: "What say you, Jeanie?"

Stewart quoted:

Friend! you're my friend!
What a thing friendship is,—
World without end.

"I, too, am ready with a quotation," laughed Elsie. "Here it is:

But let praise hush,—love asks no evidence
To prove itself well-placed; we know not whence
It gleams the straws that thatch its humble bower:
We can but say we found it in the heart.

I think you vulgarise friendship when you try to account for it; but my dear Jack would introduce weights and measures into the things of the heart! It is not *so much* beauty, and *so much* talent, and *so much* goodness that I value, but the friend to whom these things belong—as I said, the friend's *self*!"

"To begin with, Father," the Doctor pleaded, laughingly, "Elsie does not define this 'self.' Well then, you have all heard her profess admiration for Herbert Spencer. That great philosopher, as you all know, says that a man's 'self' is *the then state of consciousness of that man*! Now, my wife, you are a Spencer-

ian philosopher ; are you not ? If so, we know what you mean by 'self.' " (It gave Jack great pleasure to tease his wife, who half-relished the teasing, while she smarted under it.) She hastened to explain :

"I was delighted with some things Herbert Spencer said about education. But I will make a confession ! On thinking the matter over, I found that quite half their charm came from my delight in finding *something* in his writings that I could really understand. . . ."

"Don't apologise, my dear. Above all, don't interrupt ! I was explaining your views to my father." Turning with mock gravity to the "old Professor," he went on : "Elsie says you can call this 'self,' spirit, or essence, or what you like. I want her to let me call it X, or an unknown quantity——."

"How can you be so ridiculous, Jack ?" cried Elsie. "You might as well play at the childish game : 'I love my love with an X, because he's a——' Oh, dear me ! What word begins with an X ? Xenophon : oh, yes ; thank you ! 'Because he's another Xenophon,' of course. 'I took him to the sign of the X'—that will do for Cross. (We stayed at the Red Cross at Trèves, and any number of Crosses of Malta in Italy.) But what eatable begins with X ? I am bound by the rules of the game to 'treat him to a dish' or 'cup' of some sort."

They had asked the Professor his opinion, as they always did ; and—equally a matter of course—they had not waited to hear it. Now, in a Babel of tongues, the younger ones were loving their loves with half the letters of the alphabet, and the discussion was, for the moment, dead. Jean was thankful. This perpetual recurrence to the theme of friendship affected her painfully. She sent Alice to the piano, and all who had voices were speedily singing the chorus of that spirited, rhythmical Skye boat-song, "Carry the lad that's born to be king." Little Donald awoke, rather cross and troubled by so many lusty voices. Jean took the little fellow, saying to Stewart :

"Forgive him; and forgive *me*, too, for leaving him so long with you."

The door had opened, and Donald and his new wife had entered a bar or two before most of the singers were aware of their arrival. Professor Campbell was the first to greet his son and daughter-in-law. His affectionate, but rather stately, welcome to the bride, was followed by an outburst of greeting from many tongues. Donald's own heartiness had ever called forth the heartiness of others. Now, there were all the introductions to be made. The bride had seen none of her husband's family. Very gently and protectingly he led her about, making known to her all her new relations, and answering a running fire of questions from all parts of the room. Last of all he came to Jean and his boy, and folded them both for a moment in his arms. Then a little hand plucked at his coat sleeve, and a sweet, high voice said: "This must be Jean! Introduce me. And this must be your son, Donald;" and the diminutive step-mother put out her arms for the child, who only nestled the closer to Jean's shoulder. The little lady looked pained.

Jean hastened to apologise for him. "Forgive him! Perhaps he is a little tired and sleepy. It is so long past his bedtime! And he may even be a little cross. He told us he had 'forgotten Dads.'"

But this was not so. The little fellow was making friendly signs to his father, who was explaining, in answer to a chorus of questions: "Yes, of course, we're horribly late. Margaret refused to arrive dusty and wayworn. She stopped on the way to ——. What? Is it a secret? I never knew that!"

"Ah, you will forgive my anxiety to make a good impression," said Mrs. Donald, smiling archly and rather shyly. "I could not bear that Donald should present me, a crushed and dusty traveller, to his family!" She clung to her husband's arm. Her little apology was directed mainly to the "old Professor" and

his son Jack. The indescribable pretty gracefulness of the toilet was an all-sufficient excuse. Jack succeeded in hinting as much. Elsie tried to lead Mrs. Donald to a comfortable sofa at the farther side of the great fireplace, intending to leave Donald with his father and Jean; but the bride signed, "Come and sit by me," and Donald obeyed. She made room for him at the farthest end of the sofa, and placed herself between him and his people.

Conversation was not a little difficult. Mrs. Donald could not be said to converse; she hardly even chatted. It was her way to say little things with a laugh. Perhaps she thought the addition of a laugh to a remark converted a phrase into a witticism. There were rarely two consecutive remarks on the same subject. She spoke, now, always for her husband and herself, in answer to the many questions: "We dined hours ago, thank you; and we had tea just now, when we stopped to—to—to put off our dusty travelling things. Yes, indeed, we *are* very tired, and we shall ask to be allowed to go to rest soon."

"Do you find it cold, Margaret?" asked Jean, seeing that Mrs. Donald had made her husband throw round her a fur wrap he had been carrying. "See, we have a fire! Will you not come nearer to it?"

"Donald told me you keep up big fires all through the summer. I am glad," she answered, with the inevitable laugh and a pretty little shudder. "We feeble folk are always chilly." Donald thought his wife looked the picture of delicate grace, with her furs gathered round her. Jack was scrutinising her admiringly, too.

Margaret Campbell was sensitive, and had wonderful intuitions as to when she succeeded in pleasing, and when she failed; but she could not tell if she were impressing Jean favourably. Her sister-in-law's kind, grave manner made her nervous. Elsie, she felt, was hostile, in spite of her lively and hospitable ways. Louie and Alice were still neutral. Jack was on her side. She

threw a mute appeal into her smiles for the "old Professor," which he could not altogether resist; and she clung to her husband as if she were literally incapable of standing alone. When she had finally carried him off, there was a little disappointed pause, and everyone realised that Donald had scarcely said a word. It was as if he had spoken to them by an interpreter. Jack, in reply to a word of Stewart's, said: "No, he's not coming down to smoke. He says she is nervous, and cannot bear to be left by herself."

"I wanted him to come into the garden," said Jean. "See what a splendid night it is! But Donald said: 'Margaret would not venture out so late;' so he would not come either."

"He would not let me bring in my new ferret to show him," grumbled the bridegroom's youngest brother.

He had come; and they had seen him through nearly a whole hour; and yet they felt unsatisfied; somewhat bewildered; and some of them even vexed.

"Did you ever see *human ivy*?" cried Elsie. (Had she been a Campbell by birth instead of by marriage she would not have been so vehement.) "If *you* don't know it, *I* do! For me, there's no mistaking it. It clings, like the other ivy—oh, *how* it clings! And it wraps itself about its oak—when it has an oak of its own to wrap round—till it shuts out light, and air, and the good sun's warmth; till it has its forest-king fast, as in a vice—yes, in a vice! And then, the tender, clinging thing—this ivy—*strangles* him! SUFFOCATES him!" She paused for breath, with something like a sob. Like the rest of the family, she loved Donald very much.

Jean held her father's hand in both her own, and looked up into his face, longing to question him. In answer to her glance, he would only say: "She's a pretty creature, Jean—a winsome, wee body;" and he remembered those smiles of hers which were all for him, and he would not allow himself to be critical.

At some distance Alice was saying to Louie: "Had we been

‘clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,’ we should not have been too fine. Jean made a great mistake. Did you ever before see pink and brown worn together? Even her hat was pink and brown; and did you see her little bronze boot on the footstool? Shall you like Margaret, do you think? Be sure you have a pink and brown gown in your *trousseau*. I’ll ask George if he does not admire the contrast. But, dear me, none of us would ever arrive at her dainty way of wearing things! Her dress is like plumage, and she wears it with the grace of a bird.”

“Father was right,” said Louie. “She is devoted to Donald. I wonder if she was as fond of her first husband. Was it not curious how she placed herself between the dear old fellow and the roomful of us? I felt completely ‘at bay’ when I tried to go to him.”

“Oh, that was nothing to the way she fenced him away from Jean and little Don,” said Alice. “Margaret is *tiny*—not up to your shoulder, or my elbow—a mere mite compared to Donald; and yet, she drilled all of us big people: gave us our stations, and kept us in them. As for Donald, he does exactly as he is told!”

“I think she felt frightened,” Louie pleaded in extenuation, “frightened of so many new relations. She would know we were devouring her with our eyes. I daresay she will seem much nicer when she is more at her ease. I, too, was frightened when I went to see George’s sisters after our engagement. *They* think no one is good enough for their brother; and *we* think no one is good enough for ours.”

Alice quoted *sotto voce*, and rather mischievously:

“And so we saw the lady arrive:
My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger!
She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of Nature’s madness,
Too small, almost, for life and gladness ——”

But, suddenly realising that the coming lines about joyousness were not appropriate, Alice stopped short.

At lunch, next day, Jean said: "We have hardly seen you, Donald, since you arrived. We wanted to show you the ponies."

From far down the table came a treble reply: "We were writing letters. We have *so many* letters to write!"

"And we always set you down for the worst correspondent in the family!" laughed Jack, addressing Donald.

"Indeed, I *could not* come, Jeanie," Donald said, in an undertone.

"By the way, Donald, we were discussing something last evening—friendship. Will you tell us what you love in a friend?" Jack asked. "Is it not his qualities—his mental, moral, and even physical qualities?"

"Or don't you like *the friend*," entreated Elsie—"the friend himself, who is the centre, as it were, of the qualities? There is, isn't there, the man; and then there are the qualities that belong to him? Donald, surely 'love is love for evermore!' And if you only love him because of his qualities—because he is good, and great, and strong, and comely, and all the rest of it—you won't care for him when he has ceased to be all these fine things! I don't call it friendship if it can fade and die."

"I will answer by a series of questions," said the "young Professor." "Ought you not to break up your puzzle? Say, first, What is the object of affection? And, afterwards, What is the moving force that keeps alive affection?"

Mrs. Donald was aghast. "He talks as if affection wanted machinery—water power—what shall I say?—to keep it going!" Her eyes were full of tears. She turned them in helpless entreaty on her father-in-law.

"Would you rather that, in the realm of love," the old man asked, smiling very gently and soothingly, "effects existed independently of causes? Because, my dear, if you wish it so very much, I shall begin to wish it too."

"There's no lack of causes why *your* friends should love you," Jack said, gallantly. He hated to see women cry, and would

have done anything short of perjuring himself to avert Margaret's tears, then imminent. Donald glanced gratefully at his brother. By a great effort Margaret recovered her composure.

Stewart said: "I think I see what Donald means. To what does a man's heart go out—the qualities or the owner of the qualities? It is conceivable that we love a man's qualities, and not himself——."

"You can't love *all* his qualities and fail to love the man," cried Jack. "Of course, a man may have ten good points, and twenty bad ones that spoil him——."

"One moment, Jack," put in Louie. "This is from 'Esmond.' What is it? Where lies it? The secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Who ever can unriddle that mystery? . . . Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of Lady Castlewood.'"

"There! Don't you see," cried Jack, triumphantly. "Thackeray has had to go to *qualities*: 'no voice so *sweet*.' You must admit that I score there!"

"But in 'Esmond,'" said one of the juniors, excitedly, "in 'Esmond' it is a question of *love*. And love is not rational. Love is 'mad'; love is 'blind.' They all say so."

"Love not rational, Robert?" murmured Mrs. Donald, turning to the boy in sheer horror and amazement.

"Well, I can only tell you this," he cried. "One of our big fellows said his Cousin Mary had the bluest eyes that ever were, and that therefore—mind you! *therefore*—he would be glad to die for her (didn't he hear enough about his 'Cousin Mary' after that?); and another of our big fellows said he called that a most beautiful *non sequitur*; and with that he went for him!"

"'Went for?' 'Non WHAT?'" queried Margaret, as much distressed as she was mystified. And Robert threw himself eagerly into an argument with her—or rather, an explanation of his views.

Meanwhile the talk was surging on forcibly at the other end of the long table. Donald was saying : "If we loved people for their good qualities, we should love them just in proportion to the good qualities we were able to see in them. And you know very well, each of you from your own experience, that this is not the case. We must acknowledge——"

"I'm so glad you say that, Donald," cried Alice, excitedly. "*Of course*, we never class the 'excellent of the earth,' the good, admirable, humdrum people, with the *nicest, dearest* people! Why oh why are so many good people tiresome?"

Donald laughed a little at his young sister's outburst, and went on: "We must acknowledge that there are men for whom we entertain no friendship—and who are anything but 'humdrum,' Alice!—who have far finer traits of character than our dearest friends can boast."

"Now, Donald," interrupted Jack, "I did not say *good* qualities! I said 'qualities.' Hawthorne said in the 'American Notebook' that 'Selfishness is a quality apt to inspire love.'"

This remark was greeted with almost angry dissent, except from Alice, who clapped her hands and said: "I know what Hawthorne means! Don't you remember René, in that dear, delightful 'French Country House'? He never thinks much about anybody, that I can see, except himself. And yet, somehow, I don't know why, one can't help having a feeling of immense respect for him; I suppose because he has always the air of despising one so—it gives one immediately a morbid desire after his approbation and notice! René *imposed* in the French sense; he knew how to make himself important."

"Selfishness is hateful, not lovable, don't you think?" ventured Mrs. Donald.

"What on earth did Hawthorne mean?" asked several.

"Well, the selfish man *emphasises* himself," said Jack. "He insists on his rights, which rights the unthinking, and the generous, and the born-slaves, take on trust. Look at that

monster, Delobelle, in Daudet's novel! Of his selfishness you may say, French fashion, *it imposes!* But to go back, and answer Donald—smite him hip and thigh, in fact; worst him in fair fight! My dear brother, we're not all angels—that is not overstating the case, is it? And if human nature were so constituted that only *good* qualities attracted hearts—you heard Alice just now saying that excellence was, in her eyes, a fatal disqualification for friendship" (poor Alice protested). "Where would there be friends for—for—for—say Bill Sykes?"

"Bill Sykes," echoed Elsie, scornfully. "Friendship is only for high souls, for an exalted few! 'Bill Sykes!' *What a FRIEND, Jack!*"

"Elsie, don't you remember Lowell?" asked Louie, reproachfully. "You first quoted these lines to me:

Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved of foolish gods: one face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
As are all hearts when we explore their depths—

even Bill Sykes'!"

"How I envy you your ready memory!" said her lover. "I know I have, lodged in the back of my brain, something very much to the point about the relation between phenomenon and noumenon; and the most delightfully quotable things from Aristotle, Seneca, and Cicero on friendship; but I shall not be able to lay my hand on them for a week!"

"Never mind! The discussion won't be over for a week," growled Robert, who was rather in a bad humour because unable to drive home the fact to his new sister-in-law's mind that she had been defeated at all points in their small private argument upon the nature of love. He went on: "Here is a bit about the Unionist function at Cambridge: 'Honorary degrees have long been sinking to the level of the peerage. A few really distinguished men are made "Doctors," still, just as a really distinguished man is, now and again, made a peer; but for the

most part the honours have "none of that damned merit" about them.' Neither have our friends!" There was a laugh: it was in part at the contrast between Robert's youth and his cynicism.

"But Donald was saying——," Elsie began, hoping to have his support for her side in the controversy.

"Oh, I was going to say," he answered, "that a man loves his friend better than another who is more highly gifted, because, after all, friendship is a thing more of feeling than of judgment——."

"Ah, Donald," gasped his wife, "is friendship, too, 'irrational,' like Robert's love?"

"*My* love?" cried the indignant Robert; and Margaret had to enter into an explanation with him, thereby losing, to her intense chagrin, Donald's next sentences. She always hung upon his words, when possible. He went on: "We naturally cling to old companions—to those we have worked and played with; those by whom we have been helped; and, perhaps, still closer to those to whom we have done services——."

"All his reasons for friendliness are external to the friend, you observe—attributes, accidents, things which he cannot by any possibility say are the kernel of the man, or his indelible characteristics." (Jack interjected this little speech triumphantly.)

"Well, well," returned Donald, "you surely *cannot* say that noble qualities are the primary cause of friendship; and you *would not* say that it is the baser qualities that could attract you to a man. Ask yourself, Jack: Is it not the memory of your friend's sympathy in the past, the certainty of his faithfulness in the future, the sorrows and joys you and he have shared, that endear him to you? We love our friends regardless of their faults, and without weighing and measuring their good points; but feeling that their lives are so intertwined with ours that we could not lose them or their regard without losing part of our own life—part of ourselves."

"Donald is half on my side—or more than half," exclaimed

Elsie ; " but I don't quite like his view. For, do you not see ? You might be his friend, according to what he tells us, with very little to recommend you to the rest of the world ! I think I prefer Verdant Green's way of looking at friendship : ' Misser Bouncer call' me his frien' ; prou' title ! ' And a ' proud title ' it would *not* be, if the friendship depended on accidents such as past fellowship in joy and pain, and so on." Jack alone was sufficiently disengaged to laugh at Elsie's quotation.

" Is friendship, like patriotism, only ' an extended selfishness ? ' " asked Louie, mournfully. " Are we fond of friends chiefly because their lines have been cast alongside ours ? That would be giving them only a ' relative honour ! ' "

" What do *you* think, Jeanie ? " Donald inquired. It was almost the first word he had addressed directly to her.

" I am so taken up with a particular friendship," said his sister, with quivering lip, " that I have no heart left for discussing friendships in general."

It was literally true. She had said no word as the stream rolled round her—no word but such as hospitality and thought for others called for from the house-mistress. Near her sat Stewart, reading her face with love-cleared eyes, suffering all she suffered, because he could see so well. Donald was there, in bodily presence ; but clear, hard, spiritual walls had grown round him. He was as a Donald bewitched, with whom they were no longer in touch. Where was his bright-mindedness, his old, entire unaffectedness ; where his good-comradeship ? Thus Stewart also was mourning a friend who, seated a few feet from him, seemed yet immeasurably far off. For Jean's sake he tried twice to steer the talk into other channels, for this philosophising upon friendship kept their trouble ever cruelly before their minds ; but the current was too strong for him, and he found himself soon giving an exposition of his own views. In reply to a volley of questions he said :

" No, Jack, I cannot agree with you ! A man has something

more than his qualities of head and heart, and his *physique*. You see, *your* position is this: you hold that *a man is the sum of his qualities*. But there is something beyond these, and beyond our sense of his 'historical continuity,' and that something is what I love. I am not sure that I am in perfect agreement with your wife; but I think she is far nearer the truth than you are. What I love in my friend I have long called the deific spark in him—or in her (of course, the masculine pronoun ought to include fair and gentle humanity). But to go back. You have perhaps read the new volume of General Gordon's letters to his sister. He says, often and very plainly, that he loves the God in each individual man. With him the deific spark is no mere God-likeness in human character: it is a direct emanation of the Divinity——"

"Yes, I know. I read those letters," growled Jack. "Can't distinguish between his view and Pantheism! Besides Gordon, who was heavenly-minded, would be drawn to the highest and noblest; but don't you know friends that you 'grapple to your soul with hoops of steel,' as Shakspeare puts it, whose greatest attraction is humour, or wit, or animal spirits—qualities that are anything but celestial? But I interrupt you, Stewart!"

"I was only going to say, what is the essence of friendship itself?" pursued Stewart. "Surely, it is perfect confidence?"

("I protest," pleaded Louie, parenthetically. "Sympathy is the essence of friendship—sympathy, not confidence. Is it not so, George?")

"And this entire trust and reliance comes, with me, like an inspiration," he went on. "I love my friend from the first; and I am driven to love him by an absolute necessity, just as all-but-creedless men love God, by a sort of compulsion which I cannot but imagine due to a spiritual kinship—in one case, that of the creature for the All-Father, as the Germans say. Between mortals, I conceive there is a spiritual kinship stronger than tie of blood; and also, I believe in an instinct which tells us

which are kindred spirits. My friendship-at-first-sight is the result of the stirrings of this instinct. Now, please have patience! Is all this so very far-fetched and improbable when we all agree that animals have an instinct by which they recognise foes and friends? A young bird, absolutely without experience, is frightened at a cat, and a kitten flies from a dog; and neither the bird nor the kitten exhibits anything like the same terror of, say, a pony or a man. And the parental instinct in animals, though short-lived, is quite wonderfully strong and unerring. Won't you, then, grant me the possibility of a spiritual instinct? I don't say that it always stirs equally on both sides. I can quite recognise a somewhat one-sided friendship. I found my twin soul long ago," he added in a lower tone; "but I have not been recognised even now." Then, addressing Jack again: "We ought to define 'friendship' and 'quality' as a first step towards discussion."

"'Friendship—that best blessing of life,' says Miss Thackeray," Louie suggested.

"Too vague! No definition at all; a mere description!" said Robert, contemptuously.

"The discussion ought to lead to the definition," Elsie interposed, adding: "The balance of opinion is clearly on my side so far."

"My dear wife, I was just pitying your sensations at finding yourself in a minority of one!" laughed Jack. "They are all at least more than half with *me*. But you have the happy knack of never knowing when you're beaten."

There was another shock in store for the bride when the "old Professor" said: "We have got a long way ahead of Proverbs nowadays. Views on friendship mark the distance. A friend at hand being better than a brother afar does not represent the modern idea at all, which would be rather that a friend, however distant, was better than ten brothers under the same roof; unless, indeed, the brothers, by a sufficiently rare combina-

tion, were friends as well as kith, friends in the close and golden meaning which later generations apply to the word." (Jean winced at this new touch upon the heart of her wound.)

"And some of the ancients held the high view of friendship, too, Sir," put in Morpeth. "I believe Seneca said: 'What is my aim in taking a friend? To have someone to die for;'" and in his 'Epistles': 'The wise man needs a friend, not that he may have someone to help him in his need, or sit by his bed when he is ill, but that he may have one by whose bed he may sit, whom he may rescue out of the hand of foes.' You must forgive my ungainly translation."

"Thank you for not talking Greek and Latin," said Louie, softly. "It shows you remember there is an ignoramus near you."

That, to her, seemingly disparaging mention of Proverbs, and therefore of the Bible, was rankling in Mrs. Donald's mind. Professor Campbell saw her trouble, and, unable to guess the cause, thought to distract her by a change of subject.

"Will you ride, or will you drive, this afternoon?" he asked, turning with his peculiar old world courtesy to his daughter-in-law. "I hear you enjoy riding."

"It is quite what I like best," she answered. "But which will Donald do?"

"We have a little bay mare that will carry you perfectly," Jack said. "Let me be your cavalier."

"You know their plan about going to this garden party," went on the "old Professor," whose deafness had prevented his catching her question. "Riding habits will be as welcome as the latest fashions; and our old friends, the McKenzies, have very strongly expressed the wish to make your acquaintance. There was not time for them to call upon you before this party, you see."

"The McKenzies of Kilgormie?" asked Margaret, with a show of interest. "I know *her* cousin, Lady Leven. It will

be very nice indeed to go there. But Donald—does he ride or drive?"

"We declined for him," said Elsie, with almost too much alacrity. "He is not fond of garden parties. Besides, his father claims him for to-day. They have a new terrace to plan for the garden-front of the house—other business, too, I think. Won't you trust yourself to us? We will take great care of you!"

"It is very far away, is it not? I am still tired from the journey. Let me come with Dona—with you and Donald," Margaret said, beseechingly, turning to the old man.

"It will be more tiring to walk about, landscape gardening, than——" began Donald.

"Will it not weary you, our talking business?" asked the Professor. "The most restful thing will be to *drive* to Kilgormie; and it is a place worth seeing. The McKenzies will be away from home after Monday."

Jack added his entreaties. Jean said Mrs. McKenzie would be disappointed. Her sister-in-law framed a polite message of excuse to be given to the hostess, and declared she "would stay with Donald." From that decision no power could move her.

"It is her one rule, to *cling*—human ivy!" murmured Elsie.

"We cannot all go away and leave you. It would be dreadful!" exclaimed Louie and Alice at once.

"And how vexed they will be at Kilgormie if we fail them," said several.

"If you were to drive there, Margaret——." Donald had come to stand by her chair and use his best powers of persuasion; but his tiny wife turned a face of such misery upon him, he at once desisted. More than that, he now worked on her side, and induced all the other guests who had been bidden to Kilgormie to start without her.

Later in the day Margaret said, somewhat querulously: "Is it *necessary* to be so very clever, Donald? I shall have to go to

school again! And what does it—*can it*—matter who is right in an argument? Your brothers and sisters seem to care so very much! As for me, I don't even understand the language they have been talking all round me! What *does* your father mean by 'metapheesic'?" She looked very woe-begone, and he was touched. His tenderness comforted her.

The "old Professor" had said something about "the aibstract," too, which had sorely puzzled her. Had his word been *abstract* she would have vaguely remembered it as having to do with something dull and best left alone; but "aibstract" was different, and *quite* distressing. Then she had the less indefinite trouble of having heard Proverbs disparaged; and a still keener distress in the notion that Jack was offended because she would not ride with him. And Jack, she reflected dolefully, who had been an ally, might, by this slight, be alienated!

"She has *untrimmed eyes*! Did I not tell you? That means GREEDINESS! Eyes without lashes or eyebrows—and such blue, wide-open eyes! They are just what my book on 'Faces' describes as the symbols of GREED!" So said Alice very emphatically to Louie.

"But she is very loving. She is devoted to Donald!" pleaded Louie.

"'Loving!' Yes, *loving* in the sense in which you may be said to love chicken—to devour it! She is greedily selfish about him. That is what *I* think! Which of us has had one word with him unless she was by? She only sometimes allows him to answer for himself. I'm of Elsie's opinion: I won't be rude to Donald's wife; but when I think of Maimie! Ah, Louie, if you ever see I'm cross and cannot bear it any longer, you must promise to save me from myself!"

"Or to save poor Margaret from you," said Louie, smiling. "Think of her as a stranger, and lonely, and perhaps a little afraid of us ——."

But Alice would hardly listen; and Louie resolved that, as far

as she could help it, her brother should never realise that any of his family felt coldly towards his new wife.

It was, however, when Alice and Elsie discussed Margaret that the bride fared worst. Alice enjoyed Elsie's vehemence of indignant criticism, and warmed her own hostility at the fires of her elder's wrath.

"How much less well she looks by daylight!" Alice began. "Where are her smiles and animation of the first evening?"

"She must be years older than Donald," Elsie returned. "He is but nine-and-twenty. She often looks eight or ten years older. When she is pained or cross (I'm sure it is more than half temper sometimes), her good looks are absolutely gone! I thought of her as human ivy, that first night; but ivy isn't deadly enough. Is there such a thing as a *pretty* blood-sucker? Outwardly, she is certainly not quite like a leech; but she is sucking out all Donald's mental warmth and life. If she were just anybody—an ordinary acquaintance—I think I could be nice to her; for she is delicate, poor thing, and weak, and there is something pleading and pathetic in her ways: but as Donald's wife—as a stone hung round Donald's neck! Ah, I have no patience with her! Or, indeed, with Jack either; who goes on admiring her, paying her compliments, treating her like a spoilt child! He says she's so tender and interesting, and that so dependent a creature makes a claim on all men's hearts! Did you ever hear such nonsense! It is like putting a premium on 'fecklessness.' And Donald! She has only to lift appealing eyes to his face, and behold, he turns round and promotes whatever unreasonable thing she demands. If they were in their honeymoon, there would be some hope; but then they are eight or ten months married! Oh, Alice, I would not be uncivil to her for all the world—in your father's house too!—but I'm often sorely tempted to speak out."

It was Sunday morning. They were about to set off for church. Jean had joined them, looking pale, sad, and weary-

eyed. Margaret's indignant critics appealed to Jean, little thinking how hard she found it to talk of Donald's wife. They asked, entreatingly: "What can be done?" and spoke excitedly of a lion in a net of which the meshes were silk. They inquired if ivy, if leeches, if Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, or any other member of the octopus family were "open to argument?" Elsie offered to talk to Margaret in fables. Alice—rash with the rashness of youth as yet inexperienced in failure—declared she would speak out roundly—very politely, of course, but without figure or parable, to the new sister-in-law.

"What? with Donald by?—for you know she never leaves him?" questioned Elsie.

And then Jean interposed: "You don't see all the difficulties" (and she looked so unhappy, so hopeless; so different from Elsie and Alice, who were only longing to don their armour and set out on their knightly adventure to rescue Donald from thralldom, if only their way were made plain to them). "You may hurt Donald, you may estrange him from us all. It would be really safer to attack him for being a slave than her for tyrannising over him. What pains her pains him ten times more. Be merciful, my dears. Don't you see that she is capable of dying broken-hearted? She *idolises* him. I daresay that she does not even suspect that hers is a jealous affection—that she is selfish towards us and towards him. I really think her idea of wifely duty and love may be this greedy monopoly. At least, give her the benefit of the doubt! And *pity* her, too, a little bit. You see, she is entirely different from us. She feels as if we were a new variety of animal. Poor stork, she has no entertainment to give us foxes except of a kind that is served in long-necked jars: and we foxes expect her to lap from our flat dishes." (Poor Jean was attempting a little playfulness that suited ill with her pale cheeks and anxious eyes.) She went on: "I daresay, in her world, that constant prattle about nothing passes as the current coin of intercourse. I try, for my part,

not to think of *what* she says, but of *how* she says it—the soft southern speech, and the kind, timid looks that go with it. And, you know, we all agreed there was something in the McKenzies' criticism of *us*. They said we did not converse; but, when we wanted to talk, we resolved ourselves into a debating society! Well, I suppose Margaret could never even form the wish to attend a debate; and our 'wrangles' are as dull to her as her little chit-chat is to us. I really believe"—and her sad smile bore out her words eloquently—"my heart is as heavy as both yours weighed together; but I want to be just to her, at least. I should like to go beyond bare justice, and be affectionate, but I don't know if—if—if I can."

"Did you hear father and Margaret at cross purposes at breakfast?" asked Elsie. "She wanted to know if we had 'pleasant neighbours,' and he talked to her at once of the 'sterling qualities of the fisher-folk.' All the time, by 'neighbours' she meant people to call upon, dine with, and so on, and the 'fisher-folk' puzzled her dreadfully!"

"Elsie, dear," Jean said, imploringly, "we crystallise our unfriendly feelings when we put them into words; and talking amongst ourselves against her confirms us all in our adverse prejudice. I still hope we shall come upon a golden vein in Margaret—the side of her character that drew Donald's heart to her. She must be lovable or he would not have made choice of her."

"Jeanie, my dear sister," cried the contrite Elsie, "you make me feel I have been uncharitable and cruel; but don't be angry with me. It is all for love of that good brother, Donald!"

Jean kissed Elsie, for she could not be sure of a voice steady enough for verbal reply; and Alice became dimly aware that there might be a deeper grief about this marriage than her own keen vexation, or Elsie's.

"How is it that you are so wise and calm about it all?" she asked Jean. "You don't work everything out by books, like

Louie —— ? ” She caressed her sister’s hand gently. Jean did not habitually encourage demonstrative affection.

“ I think of it from morning to night, and nearly all day long ! ” Jean’s shining eyes, dimmed by her vigil, were far less lustrous than usual. Presently she said : “ I am sure it is time to start. I think I hear Louie and George talking in the hall.”

“ Don’t be afraid that they are unhappy there ! ” laughed Elsie. And, indeed, the lovers were supremely content in each other’s society.

The three sisters had been shut into a little morning-room. Now they went out into a low, square, oak-panelled hall, which made a charming rallying point in the house, and was nearly as much lived in as the drawing-room. Margaret joined them at the moment, looking happy in the consciousness of a successful Sunday toilet. “ I am in search of Donald,” she said.

“ He is smoking,” George Morpeth explained, “ in the garden.”

“ But, surely, he is coming to church ? ” interrogated Margaret, with a quaver in her voice.

“ I fancy not,” Louie said, doubtfully. “ Mr. Stewart and Donald have some project.”

But Donald compromised at once when his wife appealed to him. He said he would see her and his sisters to the church door, and come back to keep his promise to Stewart and take a morning walk with him. Margaret also changed her plans. When they neared “ the kirk ” she decided to go home again with her husband. Both were to return for the afternoon service. The walk with Stewart, as a consequence, was a very short one ; for she, who was but a feeble pedestrian, made a third. By the time afternoon church was over poor Margaret was very weary.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a ;

And it must be admitted this new-comer had a very anxious heart, if not precisely a sad one. Donald, usually a calm, brave

man—though he had had his bitter time of sorrow—now looked harassed. His attentions to his wife were constant and minute. No one could doubt his affection for her; but the merest passing stranger might see his preoccupation and constraint.

"We have to make the acquaintance of a new brother as well as a new sister," laughed Jack. "Where is the old Donald? There seems precious little relation between him and my present elder brother."

"So, Jack! There is a strange admission. I really think you have forged a weapon now to defeat yourself!" (Elsie was very exultant.) "If he has lost his qualities he has lost your love, according to your theories of friendship. Or is the new brother—though so different—as rich in qualities as the old? If so, are you not logically bound to love him just as much? For me, I should love even the ghost of the old brother Donald, though the poor shade would be incomparably below our live 'young Professor!' And you *won't* see, Jack, you poor blind bat," gently scolded his wife, "you *won't* see that it is all *her* fault! Never mind! I can forgive her a good deal. Margaret has distinguished herself to-day by making a joke, or, at any rate, relating a humorous fact, instead of emitting platitudes with a laugh, and expecting us to receive them as witticisms! Did you hear her tell your father that her maid had been to hear our great preacher, and came back delighted with him, saying: 'He got his text, Madam, from Exeter?'"

That Sunday evening Margaret was too tired to come downstairs. Donald said she would need to be read to, or talked to—at any rate, she could not be left alone. Louie begged to be his *remplaçante*. "They all want you in the drawing-room, Donald. Take me to Margaret. I will beg her to let me stay upstairs, while you are with Father and Jean."

"May I not stay?" pleaded Louie, a minute later. (She could be very entreating, and was not easy to deny.)

"Yes, indeed, little sister," assented Margaret, from her sofa pillows, "if Donald will stay too."

She held two of Donald's big fingers very firmly in her small hand.

And so the evening was spoilt for several people. Louie felt keenly that she had sacrificed herself and her George to no purpose! "What a mistake to be public spirited!" she reflected. "For the sake of trying to make Donald achieve the 'happiness of the greatest number,' I have lost George and myself our five minutes in the moonlit garden, and our happy talk in the drawing-room. For here I am, and here I must stay, having asked leave to do so."

Donald went at last to say "Good night" to the family, under promise to "come back soon." Margaret was almost too weary to get up an interest even in Louie's *trousseau* and presents; but they talked about these things till he returned. He had a moment with Jean, who laid a hand on his arm and looked up in his face wistfully, reproachfully, and lovingly, all at once. He read her thought so well.

"Patience, dearest sister," he whispered. "She is a little—a little—exact, perhaps. By-and-by it will be different, I daresay. Meantime, I owe her so much—so much. Her love is wonderful. She is so devoted. She proves it in everything—words, and looks, and acts. Has my father told you? Money is, perhaps, a poor test of affection; but it is something. She wanted to give over her own fortune to me, absolutely; and her income under her first settlement also. And she would not allow me to insure my life for her, or settle the little I have on her. But all this is nothing to her hourly devotion. She is the tenderest little thing. I should be simply a brute not to respond to all her appeals. Here, among so many new faces, I think she is more nervous—clings more to me, perhaps —."

At this point his father called him. Jean pressed his arm. She was glad not to have to speak, for her heart was over-full.

(To be continued.)

E. M. LYNCH.

Scholasticism and Modern Thought.

TO enter into the genius of Catholicism requires a catholic spirit ; whence it is that few rightly appreciate the Church and all that belongs to it. Scientific research, when not grasped by a powerful soul, has of its very nature a tendency to destroy catholicity or wholeness of spirit ; and so too have systematising philosophies. The very attempt at a universal solution of all truth, equally with the exclusive search after particular truth, inclines to limit thought—the receptivity of truth—and to narrow the moral sympathies which lead to truth. The adversaries of Catholicism are within the fold as well as without. It is not only the modern rationalist who fails to grasp its actual position and the meaning of its history ; there is also the systematiser, who professes to be a votary of Catholic Truth, and would yet reduce it to the terms of a syllogism and the verbal accuracy of a formula, and who, having mastered the syllogism and the formula, imagines he has sounded the depths of his Faith and made himself master of its domain.

There are many who attribute this narrowness of soul to the old Scholastics. It was they who gave currency to the syllogism and formula in Christian thought, and therefore they are supposed to be answerable for all the iniquities of fortune that flow therefrom. Now this indictment rests partly upon a confounding of appearances with facts, and partly upon a want of appreciation of Scholastic development. Rightly to appreciate the genius of Scholasticism, we must distinguish three widely distinct periods. There was the creative period when Scholasticism

flourished as a living energy of the human mind—a period which is sufficiently marked off by St. Anselm of Canterbury and St. Thomas Aquinas. Utterly different was the spirit of this period from that of the fifteenth century Scholastics, with their brilliant and aimless formalism. Nor must this again be confounded with the legal Scholasticism of these last centuries. Every vital phase of thought will thus remain in the world, not in the pristine vigour of its creative life, but in the legal stability of the institution or nation from which it sprang ; but to understand it aright you must enter into its creative spirit. So is it with Scholasticism.

But before we can properly consider scholastic thought it is necessary to trace out its first beginnings, and understand the conditions of its origin. Scholasticism is a phase of *Christian* thought : but here at once arise difficulties from the false estimate men frequently make of Christian thought in general. Christianity is rightly said to be in advance of paganism in all its conceptions of life ; and true as this claim is, its significance is oftentimes misconstrued : for Christianity is not merely an advance, it is also a reversion.

Christianity, when it came into the world, introduced an utterly new principle into thought as into life generally—the realisation of individuality ; a principle unknown to the ancients. The perfection of heathen thought was found in the identification of the mind, as far as possible, with the outer world ; for in the world at large the heathen recognised the supreme manifestation of the absolute, whereas Christianity reversed this condition and bade man seek God within his own soul, and instead of identifying himself with the world at large, to isolate himself from it, to concentrate his energies upon himself—which is the very essence of Christian renunciation : “to die to the world.” Even was the Christian to renounce himself in so far as that self belonged to the outer world and was identified with it ; he was told to cultivate the Spirit which, in the Gospel, is

ever the antithesis of the world. Wherefore Christianity appeared so utterly strange to paganism, and Christian thought of necessity seemed antagonistic to the ancient philosophy. The Christian consciousness had whirled round, as it were, at a reverse angle: so as to be, as has been said, not so much a breaking off, as a reversion. Thus the Christian might lawfully inherit whatever there was of truth in pagan philosophy; yet would he avail himself of it in a very different spirit from that of his pagan ancestor: he would direct it to an end beyond that which the vision of the pagan revealed. Hence it is difficult to compare Christian thought with pagan, and frequently unfair unless one is fully conscious of the distinct phase of life each represents.

For example, in judging of ancient and Christian art,* it must be remembered that the Greek worshipped the beautiful simply for the sake of its objective ideality, as a type of that external Nature, union with which was his religion; and the one yearning of his genius was to put this ideal conception into sensuous form, the permanent simple expression of his own mind: therefore he produced those exquisite forms of ideal Nature, for which Greek art is so worthily praised. Now the *motive* which drew forth Greek art was wanting to the Christian. To him the objective ideal of Nature is of value only in so far as it conditions a self-revelation of his own spiritual energies: and therefore the objective truthfulness of form would be but a secondary consideration—and a consideration too easily overlooked altogether. The primary consideration would be the spiritual suggestiveness of the form, its value as an awakening power of Christian consciousness. So the Christian artist would seek to depict the spiritual faculty of art rather than its objective truthfulness; and we can readily understand how, in the first

* By Christian art I do not mean merely the so-called "religious" art; but such as is the outcome of the free Christian spirit; be it the painting of a landscape, or the sculpture of a hero, or the representation of a religious mystery.

revivals of properly Christian art, the forms would be rude—a veritable retrogression from the objective standpoint—and yet possessed of a spiritual faculty unknown to the art of Greece. And so, too, we can understand how barbarous Madonnas and hideous Saint-effigies should exercise a charm over the Christian mind of average intelligence, simply on account of the subjective condition of the beholder, without even a corresponding spiritual truthfulness in the objective form itself. When the Christian artist appeared, he would devote himself chiefly to reproducing in art a corresponding spiritual truthfulness to meet the Christian consciousness, and the mere objective form would receive scant attention. Only when Christian art has arrived at its full perfection shall we see the true ideality of form united with the intense spirituality of Christian thought : yet, analytically, these two conditions are distinct sources of true art, though together they conjoin in Art's perfection. Now a like case is that of Christian thought in general : it is a new and distinct phase of mind, at first apparently in direct antagonism with the ancient, and only as it draws nigh its perfection recognising a harmonious relation : but the distinctive character of Christian Thought must itself be first developed before it can rightly recognise its relation to the ancient.

Now Scholasticism is a phase of the Christian thought conscious of its own distinctiveness, and seeking to fathom its own depths and fix its own limits ; it is a phase of the independent development of Christianity, apart from any recognition of relationship with the ancients. Among the early Fathers this distinctiveness of Christian thought was felt, not as a self-contained independence, but rather as a direct antagonism to whatever was extraneous. With them Christianity had to cover the ground yet held by paganism in the ordinary beliefs of life ; they had to plant the simple Christian tradition. The Alexandrian school had sought to ally Christian truth and pagan philosophy against the actual tradition of the pagans ;

but the alliance was at best artificial, tending rather to paganise Christianity than otherwise. The two currents of thought which it was sought to harmonise never were seen more utterly distinct than when conjoined in the Alexandrian mind. Even St. Augustine could not properly blend his philosophy with his dogma : the spirit of the one was at variance with the spirit of the other. The Western Fathers showed their strong practical sense in almost utterly eschewing pagan philosophy when treating of Christian tradition.

Thus when the Germanic nations were converted, the Christian consciousness was still expressed in simple dogmatic tradition ; beyond this it was still undeveloped : but in the necessity of meeting paganism by actual concrete beliefs, that tradition had been almost fully expounded and arranged in symbols and acts of General Councils, so that the Germans entered at once into possession of a fully developed *tradition*.

For several centuries the German mind did nothing more than incorporate this tradition with its own consciousness. But the Christian tradition as expounded by the early Fathers underwent a vital transformation when received into the Germanic spirit : though the objective teaching of Christianity remained one and the same, the living feeling that now embodied it was different. In the Early Church the tradition had borne a purely objective form ; the subjective element did not enter into it, and this utter objectiveness of early Christianity constitutes the true value of patristic tradition as the standard of Christian dogmatic teaching. The Greek and Roman could not of their nature invest Christian truth with a subjective character, for the consciousness of the individual was too bound up with an effete world. They had not that subjective and actual freedom of soul which would have made such subjective Christian consciousness possible. They attached themselves to Christianity rather than absorbed Christianity into themselves : necessarily, therefore, did Christianity develop a purely objective character,

appearing much in the light of an external system or school of thought. Quite otherwise was it with the German races. Essentially of a free, open disposition, the German spirit had as yet received no positive permanent bias ; no philosophic or even traditional system had contorted its natural receptivity, and they could therefore better appreciate Christian freedom. As a matter of fact, the German mind at once began to identify Christian tradition with itself ; the very spring or motive power of its consciousness became Christianised. Christianity thereby lost that pure intellectual objectivity of its earlier day, and it was well that the objective value of the tradition was already established ; it could never have been so among the Germanic races, who, by the transmutable tendency of their nature, would at once have given it a subjective character, and so have treated it. The German mind essentially turns upon itself, and regards external objects only in so far as they become identified with it. Wherefore though at first sight the thought of the early mediæval writers seems to belong to the Early Church rather than to the Scholastic age, yet in truth it has a stronger affinity to the scholastic : it was an expression of the same Germanic spirit which evolved Scholasticism, but could never have produced the purely objective tradition.

Thus, compare Venerable Bede with St. Augustine or St. Ambrose and see what an utterly different spirit animates their teaching : you feel at once that it is the Christianity of Venerable Bede that is set before you in the one case, whereas in the other, however individual may be the style of address, the teaching is the calm, well-defined tradition of objective Christianity. So the old patristic tradition appeared in the early mediæval writers with a new colouring ; there was little attempt to add anything to what was already developed ; the need now felt was to incorporate this doctrine with the practical Germanic consciousness ; to draw forth from the Germanic spirit a corresponding practical activity. This was the sole object of the early mediævals. This

first phase of the Germanic mind culminated in the ninth century in the heated controversies that then arose, in which were seen the faint foreshadowings of the later Scholastic thought, yet only the faint foreshadowings; for the Germanic spirit was not as yet sufficiently self-possessed to reflect upon itself; it was necessary that the new Christian consciousness should fertilise gradually, whereas the seed was still but newly sown. And so those early controversies, vehement as they were in themselves, and indicative of a certain intensity of thought, were yet but short lived and without appreciable influence in the history of the Christian mind. But they mark a period of transition through which mediæval thought had now to pass—that oft-recurring period in which the human mind grows impatient of external knowledge and restless to know itself, whilst it is yet unable to do so. Intermittent struggling of the first gleam of light with the surrounding chaotic darkness, in which the light is often hidden from view, but is, nevertheless, assuredly fertilising the darkness around—such is the transitional period of thought in all phases of life. To the mediæval mind this self-revealing light gleamed forth in those early controversies about the Eucharist and Predestination; it was but a faint ray, but it was sufficient.

In the midst of these first strugglings arose the brilliant genius of Scotus Erigena—brilliant but not great, if a man's greatness is to be gauged by his fitness to lead his fellow-men. It truth, Erigena is but an erratic star in history. The germinating tendency of his age was to develop a new phase of *Christian* thought; whereas the genius of Erigena was quite beside the Christian consciousness. An ardent admirer of the classics, he had sought out the wisdom of the ancients, and in the unsteadiness of his soul had been dazzled by it, and thought now to identify with it the Christian dogma—an impossible task! At most he could have but repeated the work already accomplished by Clement of Alexandria and the Alexandrians—demonstrating

the harmony of the essentially distinct spheres of thought ; but to identify them was beyond possibility, and that was what Erigena strove to do. The quality of the Germanic mind would not admit a twofold current of distinct thought, by reason of its tendency to identify all thought with itself: German thought must grow and develop in the German mind, and Erigena in seeking to subject the Christian consciousness to an alien objective system was doing but futile work, against which the whole feeling of the age would resist with omnipotent force. Nevertheless, Erigena brought before the Germanic mind a vision of self-reflecting thought, which was not forgotten in later days ; and thus he helped forward indirectly the development of German thought. In the direct failure of Erigena lies hidden that great truth of all life, that development must come from within ; Christian philosophy could spring only from Christian tradition germinating in a Christian mind. Erigena's success had been a veritable retrograde such as history will not suffer.

It has been well said that history moves in cycles. But they are ever advancing cycles. We have already remarked that every phase of intellectual life has its "dark age"—a period of inactivity, of confusion and restlessness ; a struggling between the light and darkness, from which comes forth the actual world of life. The tenth century has been named the "darkest" of mediæval ages. Be it so. But think not that sheer darkness could have produced the age of Lanfranc and Anselm and of the audience that listened to them. There was light somewhere in that darkness, working without conscious aim in the social restlessness ; yet working nevertheless, and gradually becoming more conscious of its purpose in the calmer nooks of monastic retreats ; still producing no sufficiently defined picture to throw out on canvas or parchment. Only here and there some isolated minds, unmoved by the general tempest, had aim enough to work on in the old fashion, producing hymns and devotional treatises of no mean value in themselves, but of little

value to the confusion around. Such works were not the efforts of the age, but the pastime of individuals ; and the age wanted effort, or rather the motive of effort. This motive was found in the genius of Anselm. What others had done in desultory, inefficient fashion he now did with wondrous resolution. The new world of thought had taken shape in his own mind, and the accumulated light therefrom should shape the worlds of other minds. A new era of thought was now dominant.

And in what fashion did the new thought appear in the mind of Anselm ? " I believe, but I desire to *understand*"—"Credo sed *intelligere* desidero." Pure understanding—that was the inner world of Anselm : an intellectual ideal very different from that which attracts us moderns with our yearning to *live* and not simply to understand. What man is there to-day with power to interest an audience who will indulge in scientific speculation for the sake thereof, without direct reference to the problem of living ? Men there may be to speak thus ; but where shall be found the audience ? The yearning of to-day is *to live, to do*: men seek knowledge only that they may solve the practical *problem of doing*. But in Anselm's day there was no such problem. The mediæval consciousness had not yet sufficiently developed to render such problem possible. Objective knowledge—the pure understanding of life as a thing, not as a spiritual action—is the first condition of a possession of one's own individuality, which possession alone makes a problem of actual life. The mediæval was conscious of his individual freedom only abstractly ; he had not yet realised what that freedom meant. Hence he did as he was taught to do by instinctive adhesion to his lot, without a practical consciousness that he was a free agent ; only when he acted on a higher level in the concerns of the nation or in extreme issues of life did his individual freedom, deeply though unconsciously engrained in his soul, assert itself and become visible in popular movements or personal heroism. His original Germanic liberty was ordinarily lost sight of in the felt neces-

sity for a civilising discipline ; and freely submitting himself to this discipline because it answered to the higher instincts of his nature, he was content with a *general* feeling of freedom ; but he was not conscious of its higher import, that he should become a law to himself, by absorbing the truth of the discipline into his very soul ; and hence as he was not master of the law, neither was he his own master, for self-possession must first mean self-conviction. But the mediæval had not yet attained to this self-conviction, had not yet mastered the truth of law. In short, he acted from a conviction of the general truth of the law, but not from a conviction of the particular truthfulness of his own individual actions. He was thus in a state of submissive tuition. The conscious impulse of self-conviction was not yet aroused : men's lives were made for them, they themselves did not make their lives ; hence there was no problem of *living* or *doing*. Their freedom was in free submission to outer law, not in a free self-assertion.

Now this view of the mediæval spirit will help us rightly to appreciate the character of Scholasticism. The mediæval, acting according to established tradition and convinced of its general truthfulness, was [satisfied with his own action. In the first days of its conversion the Germanic spirit submitted to the Christian tradition simply with an undefined sense that it meant a higher chastened freedom, nor could it as yet submit the tradition to intellectual reflection. When afterwards it grew restless to know the deeper meaning of the tradition by which it had been taken, it regarded the tradition merely in its objective character, and not as a motive of the soul's action : for such is the natural evolution of mind, which ever seeks first to comprehend its intellectual motives in themselves—as objectivities—before regarding them as springs of activity. And this objective knowledge or pure understanding of tradition is the essential character of Scholasticism.

Thus, then, might we define Scholastic thought as the pure

understanding of Christian tradition. Herein was the entire scope of Scholastic effort, to penetrate into the Christian consciousness objectively considered, to measure it out and to define it. Wherefore is it so utterly to be distinguished from all pagan philosophies, for these did but define the *natural* or comprehensible consciousness of man, whereas the Scholastic sought to possess himself as far as possible of that uncomprehended and incomprehensible consciousness which Christianity brought into the world—that sense of mystery peculiarly Christian. But it is this very fact which is urged against Scholasticism—that it admits an incomprehensible consciousness of which man can have no proper grasp; and therefore is it said to be illegitimate and unscientific. Such objection, however, shows a want of just appreciation of the significance of Christianity. That essential conception of the Gospel—the conception of man's free individuality*—of its nature implies mystery, an incomprehensible consciousness stretching out into the infinite: for the essence of man's nature is not infinite self-possession, but an infinite seeking for possession, and only in this infinite seeking is man perfectly free. Whenever he so attaches himself to the limited and definite as to lose sight of the illimited and indefinite, then is a man no longer free, but a slave to the particular view or system or fact—whatever the definite thing may be. And that is why Scholasticism should be called a harmony of thought rather than a system or definite organic wholeness,† because the Christian consciousness can never be so utterly defined, but must always keep in view of the incomprehensible. For herein is the grand significance of all Christian tradition, with its conceptions of the Triune Deity, of man's elevation to a supernatural state and his fall, of his redemption by the Incarnate Word, and of baptism and regeneration in the name of Jesus Christ, by which the human

* By *individuality* I mean that moral wholeness in, virtue of which a man has the right to assert himself and live.

† See article on "Idea of Mediævalism," MERRY ENGLAND, April, 1892

soul is transformed into the temple of the Holy Spirit—the reality of absolute mystery: and the key to it all is the truth of man's individuality. Wherefore is the mind's assent to these dogmas based not upon the comprehended consciousness, but upon the conviction arising from the entire individual consciousness with its illimitable prospect, of which it is impossible to man to obtain a grasp: and this conviction of the uncomprehended consciousness is faith or absolute belief. The Scholastic mind, therefore, impressed with this conviction of the incomprehensible, necessarily assumed it as the first principle of its thought; for his aim was to understand the Christian tradition—the tradition of the incomprehensible—and doubt, therefore, would have been absurd, because in reality impossible. Doubt, as an act of the intellect, presupposes that you have grasped and hold within the limits of your intellect your own consciousness. Hence can a man rightfully doubt within the sphere of his reason, whereas in regard to Christian tradition doubt means denial. So that belief—absolute belief—is of the essence of Scholastic thought, as it is, in fact, of Christian thought in general. And that is why the rationalist fails to appreciate Scholastic thought, for he denies the very essence of Christianity as conceived by the Catholic mind.

As truly rational as Christian, therefore, was St. Anselm's dictum: "I believe that I may understand;" that is to say, "I acknowledge a conviction of illimitable consciousness that I may learn the significance of this consciousness.

Still we must more particularly determine the definite scope of Scholastic inquiry. The Scholastic regarded the Christian consciousness or tradition, not as a subjective form of life—*i.e.*, as a motive power of action—but only as an intellectual conception: he sought to know the merely intellectual significance. And that is why the modern spirit so frequently turns away from Scholasticism with a sense of disappointment; it seeks in Christian tradition a form of its own subjective consciousness, and

finds in Scholastic thought but an intellectual aspect of Christian truth objectively taken. But in this very character lies the true value of Scholastic thought: just as Patristic thought is valuable as the standard of simple tradition, so is Scholasticism to be valued as the *intellectual measurement* of that tradition. What the Scholastic aimed for was to distinguish the comprehensible consciousness from the incomprehensible, to show how the Christian consciousness expands beyond reason; yet, so as to gain thereby a *negative* understanding of the infinite, he could not grasp the entire consciousness, but he would hold its immediate issues, by tracing them in the lines of the comprehended reason. Thus he was able to reveal the sequence of reason in mystery and to mark certain definite limits beyond which our consciousness becomes more and more incomprehensible to the understanding; to show, in other words, the reasonableness of his faith, by proving its foundations in reason: for the rational objection to absolute mystery can spring only from a disruption of the consciousness in faith and reason; and hence, in revealing the continuity of Christian consciousness, the Scholastic sufficiently secured himself against such objection. But he did more; for in view of this continuity, or rather simple wholeness of man's consciousness, he was able to insist upon an analogy between the uncomprehended and the comprehended. Thus again we see how the conviction of individuality is at the root of Scholastic thought: only in virtue of this conviction could he reasonably suppose an analogy between the realm of faith and that of reason: the test lies in the truth of individual consciousness, in its continuity and simple wholeness. So, then, the concrete result of Scholasticism to the human mind was a deeper and more definite appreciation of Christian mystery, of the, incomprehensible consciousness of the Triune Infinite. And thereby was man's individuality more truly revealed, which had been as yet an undefined sense; yet even so only in its objective embodiment, intellectual tradition. Thus again

is seen the essential distinction between scholastic philosophy and the ancient ; the one did no more than reveal at most the physical unity of nature, the other the moral wholeness of man ; the one defined the comprehensible consciousness, the other revealed the continuity of the incomprehensible ; wherefore it is that Scholasticism properly is not so much a philosophy of the comprehended—of reason, as of the uncomprehended—of faith : nor should we seek primarily in Scholastic thought for a philosophy of reason ; in this matter the Scholastic was but a disciple of the ancients, only he used the knowledge thereby gained for the sake of that the ancients had not : wherefore, again, is Scholasticism a veritable advance upon the thought of Greece, not in virtue of reason, but of faith. Frederick Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of History," expresses a regret that the Scholastics did not attach themselves to Plato rather than to Aristotle ; Plato is so much more a free spirit than is Aristotle. But the regret could arise only in a false estimation of the Scholastic aim ; Scholasticism did not seek to rebuild ancient thought or to found a Christian synthesis of pure reason, as is the purpose of all Greek philosophy ; the one yearning of the Scholastics was for a right appreciation of faith ; they took up the ancient thought only that they might trace out the particular facts of consciousness unto the very verge of the incomprehensible, and so establish the continuity of Christian consciousness ; for their purpose the severe formulas of Aristotle were preferable, for therein was found the concrete result of Greek thought, rather than its aspirations, which were foreign to the Scholastic mind. In Aristotle was, in fact, concentered the substantial effort of positive ancient thought ; and Scholasticism, in the effort to realise its own greater consciousness, took up the issues where Aristotélism failed, acknowledging its truth, but advancing upon it. Thus is Scholastic thought essentially distinct from the ancient, and in veritable advance of it in view of the Christian conception of man's individuality.

In estimating the relative values of ancient thought and Scholasticism there is a fatal error to be avoided, of so much more importance as it is so very frequently at the root of the depreciation of Scholastic thought by modern critics; it is the error which regards Christian mediævalism as a distinct factor of universal history, whereas in truth it is but a phase of Christian history. In considering the world's life we must beware of confounding its universal factors—*i.e.*, those substantial facts which have immediate reference to the whole of history—with the lesser phases of the particular factors themselves. Thus Christianity, Judaism, and Greek life are universal factors of history; and each has its own permanent substantial phases of development. It were to gain a false estimate to take the result of any particular phase of a single factor and compare it with the total result of a factor in general: thus we could not rightly place one particular phase of Christianity beside the whole Greek life, in order to get a relative estimate of these two factors of universal history. To test them aright you must take the result of the entire factor in each case; or, at least, compare a phase of the one with the *corresponding* phase of the other. Thus, rightly to adjudge between the Christian world and the Greek, you must take the entire results of each or else the respective traditional or other phases. Now it is no unfrequent error among critics to compare the Scholastic thought with the ultimate thought of the Greeks, as expressed by the Socratic and later schools, or with other completed worlds of thought; whereas, in truth, Scholasticism represents an earlier phase, the realisation of tradition as a pure objectivity, and not in its subjective aspect as a form of consciousness. Of special import is the recognition of this truth to the modern critic with his yearning after the subjective: naturally would he be inclined to exalt the ancient and depreciate the Scholastic, for in the one he would find, at least, some immediate response to his present feeling, whilst in Scholasticism he would meet with no such im-

mediate response ; and so it is that he is often led, in consequence of his misconception of history, to reduce, if possible, his yearning consciousness to the proportions of the ancient response, imagining to himself that he finds therein all truth. From the same cause do even Catholic critics fail to see the superiority of Scholasticism to ancient philosophy, as an interpreter of their consciousness : they seek a subjective realisation where there is but an objective measurement, for this only enters into Scholastic thought. Strictly taken, therefore, Scholasticism has a positive value in history only as a phase of Christian thought, so that rightly to appreciate it as an interpreter of consciousness we should never consider it apart from the active thought of Christianity : it subsists in history only as a particular expression of Christian thought ; but yet a vital, permanent expression, and not transitory ; for it is the revelation of an essential form of Christian life—its sovereign objectivity*—in thought. Nor would the subjective realisation of tradition as a form of consciousness be possible without first ascertaining the measurement of that tradition as an independent objective fact. Without this objective measurement there could be no stability to the realising consciousness, but only aimlessness and confusion ; wherefore does the Church show consummate wisdom in the careful fostering of Scholastic science, for so only can the Christian mind be sufficiently balanced to test aright the value of tradition as a subjective form of the human consciousness.†

* See article "Idea of Mediævalism" in April number of MERRY ENGLAND.

† There have been not a few Catholic theologians and scientists who, in their enthusiasm over the modern spirit, and in their desire to respond to it, would dissociate Catholic truth from Scholasticism. Such a proposition shows how utterly they fail to appreciate the situation. If Catholicism would retain its self-respect and influence the modern world, it must develop its own powers by natural unbroken development. Christian thought without Scholasticism is not Catholic thought ; to deny the objective value of Scholasticism is to render the whole Catholic position untenable. He who upholds this division of Catholic thought is as incapable of meeting the modern spirit as is he who sees no truth in any development of Catholicity beyond the Scholastic : both destroy Catholic continuity.

Such, then, is Scholasticism—a vital and permanent phase of Christian thought : and yet a very distinct phase from that which will chiefly exercise the modern Christian mind. Scholasticism, in a word, is simply the measurement of Christian tradition as an objective fact in thought ; it might be called the physics of faith. Taken apart from the tradition and its subsequent realisation in consciousness, there would be indeed no reason for its existence ; it were mere “intellectual jousting,” as Hegel called it ; but rightly considered as a condition of Christian thought, its value is evident to whomsoever desires to see. The exact relation of Scholasticism to modern thought will thus be apparent. In so far as it is the realisation of Christian tradition, modern thought will have a twofold relationship to the thought of the past : on the one hand it is intimately bound up with its own former conditions—tradition and Scholasticism—upon which it depends for its own value as a *distinctive* factor of universal thought ; and on the other hand, it has a direct connexion with those other permanent factors of history which preceded Christianity, and in reference to which it must assert itself as a universal factor of thought. And herein is seen the true weight of Scholasticism in regard to the modern mind, that modern Christian thought can assert itself in universal history only in so far as it is a fully developed *distinctive* fact, for otherwise it could have no proper value in thought : hence the necessity for Christian thought to recognise its own true development.

It is common with men to find fault with all things whose value is not immediately apparent ; and the Scholastic has had more than his rightful share of unreasoning abuse. This, as we have already pointed out, has come about partly from a confounding of the later corrupted Scholasticism with its earlier and genuine creative thought, and partly from the subjective condition of the modern mind. But more injurious to Scholastic thought has been the error of those who, failing to grasp its distinctive value, insist that all conditions of Christian thought

are expressed by the Scholastic. In great measure, however, has this error been due to a desire to avoid that other falsity of Christian effort, which would raise up a new Scholasticism with every change of the mind's condition, thus denying the permanence of Scholastic thought: a denial as fatal as the effort were futile. Still, it is one thing to recognise the permanent truth of things, quite another to deny the ever-changing condition of the mind seeking to know the truth. Scholasticism—we repeat it again—is a supreme vital, effort of Christian thought; its truth must ever remain a permanent possession of the truly Christian mind; only let it not be confounded with the Christian mind: nor would anyone so confound it who knew the catholic spirit of Anselm and his great-souled disciples.

FR. CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

The Return of Spring. Lent, 1892.

THE nightingales have come : I heard them talking,
Last evening to each other loud and late ;
Early this morning in my garden walking,
The daffodil was golden at the gate.

O nightingales, what tidings do you bring
From a far land ? Your speech is not as ours ;
You know perchance this secret of the spring,
For which I languish through the lonely hours.

Perhaps it is not from a far-off land,—
But very near, and with an open door ;
If I your language could but understand,
I too might find the way, and grieve no more.

Ye know ! ye know ! for all the air is ringing
With your sweet story in an unknown tongue ;
And that mysterious message, ye are bringing
From the world's soul, in sorrow is not sung.

O creatures of the air, allied more nearly
To wingéd spirits, and to souls made free,
Ye, sharing of their life, may see more clearly
What ye would utter in your minstrelsy.

O violets, that are crowding one another,
Blue, from the earth where you have lain asleep!
What heard you in the bosom of our mother?
What of our treasure she was given to keep?

Pink on the bough the almond buds are breaking,
Deep-drawn the sap to sky and air unfurled.
What can they tell? For news our hearts are aching
Out of the upper and the under world.

The buds, the birds, the West winds are returning:
Whence come they? They have no interpreter.—
What has this spring for us but tears and mourning?
What answer can our hearts put forth to her?

The time is Lent—no fast we need be keeping;
Beneath God's heavy hand we moan apart;
Bitter our bread, our eyes are blind with weeping;
The hand is gone that bound the broken heart.

But O my Father, do we grudge thy guerdon?
Thou who wast patient with us for so long;
Didst thou not say, "I have laid down my burden?"
We could not do thee in our hearts this wrong.

They keep the feast, they keep the feast in Heaven!
The Blessed in their mansions are more blest;
What is the song of Saints, the welcome given
To him who comes to be their wedding guest?

Each one salutes thee, on the way thou farest,
By thine own name, thy name that is to be;
I may not call thee by the name thou bearest,
By my obedience this was laid on me.

I saw thee once, once only, kneel in praying
Before the altar unto Christ thy Lord ;
I heard thee name His name, once only, staying
To raise thy hand in reverence at the word.

I heard and saw, I saw no more, the raining
Of sudden awestruck tears obscured my sight ;
But ever since the vision is remaining
Of that transfigured face of love and light.

But oh ! what dare we dream of that embracing,
When Jesus, Father of the World to come,
Himself receives thee in His arms, and facing
His unveiled presence thou art kneeling dumb ?

Surely His bliss ineffable is burning
Brighter, even His, because in Heaven thou art ;
Has He not waited for thee, even with yearning
Like thine, O Servant of the Sacred Heart !

* * * * *

I know not how it is—I see thee pass
In a green land of spring that is not ours,
Still waters flow amid the even grass,
Thy white robe brushes the narcissus flowers ;

Blue hills of Heaven the far horizon gird,
And all is clear ; the trees upon the plain
Are almond trees full-blossomed, and unheard,
Unheeded, falls on thee a rosy rain.

And other trees are white, all white, above thee,
Like cherry trees against the blue sky there ;
Oh ! could we wish thee with us, we who love thee,
Remembering thy palace gaunt and bare ?

The sheep are feeding in the level pastures,
They lift their heads, and stand, and follow thee ;
Thou seest them not, thine eyes are to thy Master's,
And to the vision of Eternity.

It was the glory of the sunset lightened
The heavenly, heavenward face which here we saw ;
Now in the East the morning skies are whitened
To which thou turnest with a rapturous awe.

One hastens towards thee with an eager greeting,
An angel face that once upon me smiled ;
Smiled at my knee—oh ! could I see your meeting,
My lost, my best, my Father and my Child !

So old, so young—they were the fairest faces
I ever saw, or ever here shall see :—
The same turf covers them in distant places ;
Where'er they are, God grant that I may be !

MARY.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 311.)*

CHAPTER IX. THE AFTERWORLD.

[Importance of the Terminology.]

IN the earlier part of this chapter I discussed the nature and sources of the older terminology with respect to Death, Hell, Heaven, and Resurrection ; and I did so because it would be utterly unhistorical to read into the books of the Bible or other ancient documents significations which the terms employed in them have received only subsequently to the dates at which the writings were composed. To a scientific interpreter of such writings, the *present* meanings of the words, and the associations and interpretations which have *now* become attached to them, are absolutely irrelevant. He has to disinter the phraseology of the ancient world, as explorers excavate the ruins of a long-buried city ; and he makes use of later meanings only to convey his own thoughts intelligibly, and to illustrate the earlier significations by analogies or by contrasts.

Heaven, for example, has now come to mean in current English the place or state of happiness after death. We have seen that in antiquity it meant very much more ; that it was the abode of gods and demi-gods ; that happy souls in Elysium or in the islands of the blest were by no means conceived of as being for that reason in Heaven ; that in addition to conveying the idea

of happiness, "Heaven" conveyed the idea of rule. So important is this that it is by itself decisive of the whole controversy respecting the intercession and invocation of the Saints. If there are—as the New Testament unequivocally teaches that there are*—human souls who are now in Heaven, not, indeed, until the resurrection, in the possession of the last supplements to their beatitude, but nevertheless occupying a position similar to but higher than that assigned to Angels in the Old Testament, reigning with Christ and seated with Him on His throne as assessors of His kingdom, denial of their interposition in our behalf, and of their invocation, becomes simply preposterous.

* See *ante*, p. 227. Educated Protestants, consequently, cautiously avoid speaking of those who have "departed this life" being in Heaven, though the less instructed, better guided by their natural good sense than the others are by their forced and dwarfing dogmatism, use no such reserve. "Our Lord and His Apostles," says the late Anglican Bishop of Winchester, (Harold Browne, "An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles," thirteenth edition, p. 83), "never comfort the Church concerning those that are asleep, with the assurance that their souls are in Heaven, nor do they alarm the wicked with the fear that at the instant of death their souls will pass into a state of final punishment. It is ever to the resurrection of the dead and the judgment of the great day, that the hopes of the pious and the fears of the ungodly are directed." But see Phil. i. 23; Luke xvi. 22, 23. That the happiness of the just and the misery of the lost will be *intensified* at the resurrection, is evidently implied in the habitual language of Holy Scripture. If, then, anyone likes to mean by Heaven and hell the *supreme* and *final* states of happiness and of misery respectively, he may, in that sense of the words, say that no one is in Heaven or in hell till after the general resurrection; for as to the lost, they will then begin to suffer a properly and strictly bodily pain, and as to the blessed, "the soul will then rejoice not only in its own good, but also in that of the body; and it may also be said that the beatitude of the soul will also be augmented in itself," for soul and body are as it were dovetailed into each other, and each contribute to the other's perfection, when the imperfections of our mortal state are prescinded from; "for which reason the operations of a soul united with such a body will be more perfect than the operations of a separate soul." (St. Thomas Aquinas, in answer to the question "Whether the blessedness of the Saints will be greater after the judgment than before?" "Summa," Supplement, q. xcii., a. 4.) But augmentation of the privileges of the heavenly state in the Scriptural sense of the word—that is, of the state of being and reigning with Christ—is one thing; its being altogether deferred till after the resurrection is quite another; and so far is the New Testament from making to be with Christ dependent on the union of the soul with the body that we read in it: "Knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord, . . . we are . . . willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8, 9).

One who reigns over another must know his needs and be accessible to his petitions, and must be capable of helping him and, if his government is salutary, willing to do so ; while if he is not himself the supreme governor, he must in relation to that supreme governor occupy the position of an intercessor. It would be as futile as it would be unscholarly to attempt to evade the force of the words by pretending that *reigning* means merely being happy ; for there is no one you meet in the street, no one possessed of articulate speech, that does not understand the difference between the two expressions. God, for example, being infinitely perfect, is infinitely happy, but He is not for that reason said to reign ; He reigns, on the other hand, when in the evolution of His Providence, or in response to the petitions of His creatures, whose foreseen petitions are taken account of in that Providence, He directs or intervenes with the course of the created universe.

Paradise,* to take another example, is now used as a synonym for Heaven when the Garden of Eden is not meant by it. But in later Bible times it might refer neither to the home of our first parents, nor yet to Heaven, though Heaven is the highest Paradise, but might denote the Paradise of Abraham, where the later Hebrews anticipated that a restful happiness—far inferior, however, to the final felicity afterwards to be

* Paradise is a Bactrian (*pairidaeza*), Sanskrit (*paradesa*) Armenian (*pardes*), and Persian (*pardes*) word, derived from *par* or *para*, bye, and *desa* a district, part of a country. Etymologically, therefore, it means a bye-district ; and in Persian it denoted an enclosed park or pleasure ground, well watered, abounding in trees, and stocked with deer and other game. It passed into Hebrew and Aramaic either directly from the Persian, or indirectly by way of Babylon or of Phœnicia, and in the form *pardes* it is thrice used in the later books of the Jewish Bible (Canticles iv. 13 ; Eccles. ii. 5 ; Nehemiah ii. 8). In consequence of the intercourse of the Greeks with the Persians it also passed into Greek, and in the Hellenised form of *paradeisos* it was made use of by the translators of the Septuagint as the equivalent of the Hebrew *gan*, a garden, a rich and fruitful region, a bosky district in the shade of whose trees one finds shelter from the sun's oppressive heat (Genesis xiii. 10 ; Is. li. 3, etc.) ; and, in particular, it was chosen to translate the enclosed *gan be-Eden* or garden in Eden of Genesis (ii. 8, 15 ; iii. 23, 24). Hence its subsequent history as a theological term.

attained—would, until the great restoration, be the portion of those servants of God who had gone through their Purgatory. The tradition that an earthly Paradise had been lost, did not finally beat down the hope of higher knowledge and of unending life, but suggested that the living waters and the symbolic trees of life and knowledge were still to be found, if no longer in this world, at least beyond the grave. The human imagination always demands that the idea of a *state* shall be made more definite and concrete by attaching to it that of a corresponding *place*; and this after-death Paradise, which was not Heaven, but a limbo, an ante-chamber or “fringe” of Heaven,* was, in conformity with if not in consequence of the custom of burial, localised in the first instance beneath the earth. It thus came to be believed that there were in the underworld of the dead two contrasted regions—one, Gehenna, where souls suffered for a time or for ever on account of their sins; and the other a Paradise where they were solaced and refreshed. It is in this sense that Josephus, the Jewish historian, who saw the destruction of Jerusalem A.D. 70, describes the belief of his non-Christian fellow-countrymen, the Pharisees, who recognised the future existence of the soul. “They believe,” he says, “that souls have in them an immortal vigour, and that *under the earth* there will be *rewards*, or punishments, according as they have lived *virtuously*, or viciously, in this life.” The words in italics show that they conceived of these rewards of the virtuous as in an underworld. The context shows that they did not conceive of them as final, for he proceeds: “the latter are to be detained in an everlasting prison, but the former shall have power to revive and live again,” *i.e.*, evidently after they have received the rewards in

* The word Limbo is derived from the Latin *limbus*, which means a fringe or border. Limbo, the *limbus patrum*, or Limbo of the Patriarchs, is used in Catholic theology as a synonym for what is called above the Paradise of Abraham. By the *limbus infantium* is meant the to some extent analogous state of infants dying without baptism.

question.* Long before the time of Josephus, indeed, the son of Sirach, in a highly poetical passage in which the central thought of Ezechiel's vision of the vivifying waters from the Temple (Ezechiel xlvi.) is further worked out, had told of a river in a paradise after death and in the underworld; "I, Wisdom, have poured out streams. Like a channel from the river, and like an aqueduct," the Divine Wisdom is represented as saying, "I went forth out of Paradise. I said, I will water my garden of plants; I will water abundantly the plants of my meadow. And behold my channel became a great river, and my river came near to a sea. . . . I will penetrate to all the lower parts of the earth, and will look upon all that sleep," *i.e.*, will scrutinise the dead, "and will enlighten all among them" that hope in the Lord.† We must

* "Antiquities of the Jews," xviii. 1, 3. He makes no mention of their doctrine of purgatory, merely because he is speaking briefly and summarily, and their holding it would be taken for granted and as a matter of course; and, it will be observed, he turns their belief in the resurrection in such a way as to remind his Greek readers of the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Similarly in his "History of the Jewish War," ii. 8, 14:—"They [the Pharisees] say that all souls are incorruptible; but that the souls of good men alone are removed into other bodies, while the souls of bad men are subject to eternal punishment."

† Eccles. xxiv. 40-45. Instead of the trees of life and of knowledge, we have here the more fundamental idea of the waters of life (confer Apoc. xxii.), from which they draw their supplies, brought into prominence. The Greek text (which, by the way, presents the passage in a mutilated form) has, "I went forth into Paradise," instead of "I went forth out of Paradise": but in both cases the meaning is the same; and, on the model of Genesis ii. 10, the streams are symbolised as proceeding from the centre to the outlying parts of the garden. The symbolism in Ezechiel is radically identical. The prophet (Ezechiel xlvi.) sees waters issuing out from under the threshold of the restored Temple at Jerusalem, which, as the centre of the Divine order in the Old Testament dispensation, was to him the house and home of Wisdom (confer Prov. viii.). From being at first but a slender stream, they gradually increase in volume, till they form a river which he could not pass through: where, evidently, we have Wisdom's channel in Ecclesiasticus, which became a river that in turn came near to being a sea. Ezechiel's waters, too, like Wisdom's channel, are waters of life, for "all things shall live to which the torrent shall come" (Ezechiel xlvi. 10). There is, moreover, a garden which they water, and the fruits of the garden are the no longer forbidden sustenance of wisdom and of life; for "By the river, on either side, shall grow every tree for food," and shall bear "first-fruits," consecrated produce (confer Exodus xxiii. 19 and other ordinances of the Mosaic law respecting first-fruits), every month—the branches are never to be bare, "because the waters issue out of the sanctuary" and are therefore

not, of course, press the particular metaphors too closely, much less regard them as equivalent to a dogmatic definition that the Paradise was in the underworld. The thought that the waters of life are there is intimately connected with that of revival thence; but the conception of Paradise as in the underworld was part of the more general conception of the underworld being the world of the dead, and (the more especially as a Paradise in the nether world would naturally be thought of as, after all, death-like and gloomy), it might also be conceived to be, like the islands of the blessed, in some remote part of the world inaccessible to mortal feet, or in the upper air, only lower than Heaven.

enriched with the unceasingly flowing blood of sacrifice. As the suggestion of the symbolism of the son of Sirach is found in the vision of Ezechiel, so the suggestion of the vision of Ezechiel was drawn from the literal Temple at Jerusalem. "The Temple hill, which rose at the south-east angle of Jerusalem, was also a fortress. There were in connexion with it subterranean reservoirs and aqueducts constructed not solely as a resource in a siege, but also for the daily service of the Temple itself. From these others again led off to draw off the water. One of them, which specially carried away what had been used in the ritual of sacrifice and was tinged with the blood of the sacrifices, began at the south side of the Temple court, and (joined in its course by other underground channels which carried off the surplus of the supplies brought to Mount Zion and the slopes which abut on it) discharged itself into the Pool of Siloe or Siloam. Their united stream gently meanders now, as it did then, through the level ground in the valley, among what were once the beds and terraces of the King's garden or Paradise; and this spot, which is still preserved from sterility by the waters, is described by travellers as even now the greenest and most flourishing in the neighbourhood of the Holy City. Here, then, we have the occasion, and at the same time we have a further explanation, of the symbolism of Ezechiel's vision, on which the symbolism of Ecclesiasticus, and, later, that of the Apocalypse, is based. Ezechiel's river and trees grow out of sacrifice. But in lieu of a physical temple, he sees one which is symbolical; in place of the Brook of Siloe, losing itself in watering the soil, he beholds an ever increasing torrent of life; and instead of the Hebrew King's garden, he sees the Paradise of the great King" (*Weekly Register*, June 13, 1891). In disentangling the associated ideas which led to the selection of this particular kind of imagery, the rock of Horeb, by which "He turned a wilderness into pools of water, and a dry land into water-springs" (Ps. cvii. [cviii.] 35), raised by St. Paul (1 Cor. x. 4) into a type of Christ, and the cleaving of the Mount of Olives so that the sweet waters came down to that type of iniquity, the Dead Sea (Ezechiel xlvii. 8; Zach. xiv. 4. 8), should as little be forgotten as the account of the Adamic Paradise in Genesis.

The idea thus providentially utilised and carried on to what was higher than itself, may very well have been that of a water of life in the recesses of the earth, to which the dead are committed. If the Paradise of Genesis

But wherever it was, there, as we read in the Fourth Book of Maccabees, an uninspired but genuine monument of Jewish thought of the days of Josephus—there the patriarchs were thought to be, and the highest place at the feast of souls was to rest on the bosom of Abraham. The teaching of the Jewish sect of the Essenes which is highly commended by Josephus ("On the Jewish War," ii. 8, 11, and 14), is described by him as being that "the souls are immortal, and continue for ever; that they come out of the most subtle air [æther], and are united to their bodies as in prisons, into which they are drawn by a kind of natural enticement; but that when they are set free from the bonds

is to be understood altogether literally, the naturalness of this idea would help the preservation, though in distorted forms, of traditions of it; and if in part it is to be understood symbolically, the prevalence of the symbols of a tree and of waters would make that particular symbolism more facile and intelligible. In either case—for I do not presume here to decide so large a question—the existence of a vitalising power in the earth, to which the dead are consigned in burial, is, it may be remarked, suggested by springs which spread verdure round them even in the heats of summer, and by the greenness, even when the superficial soil is parched and dry, of the foliage of trees whose roots strike deep into the earth. Such facts as the germination of seeds when they are embedded in the soil could not but raise in the minds of early mankind the idea of a reproductive power in the earth itself—of Hercules recovering his strength when he touched the ground; and has a matter of fact, the ideas of a mysterious water whose ultimate springs are deep down in the underworld, and of one or more mighty world trees which grow from its primal fountain, are very widely spread among mankind. They have been met with as far north as among the ancient Germans, in the legend of the ash tree *Yggdrasil* whose roots grow deep in the heart of the earth from a mysterious fountain the waters of which give to all that touches them a brilliant whiteness, and on the other hand they have been found in India, with a curious coincidence of detail which suggests a common origin (Grimm, "Dutch Mythology," p. 800). And they are older than these Aryannations. Among the Akkadians and the later Semitic Babylonians, the poem of the "Descent of Ishtar" tells how Ishtar, the Akkadian goddess of love, had to descend to the lowest Hades to procure for the dead Tammuz or Adonis the waters of life from Nin-ki-gal, its queen (Sayce, "Religion of Ancient Babylonians," pp. 223-7). From their fountain grew a cypress—*junerea cypressus*—the 'erez or compact fast-rooted tree, the Akkadian and Babylonian tree of life:

Its root was of white crystal, which stretched forth toward the deep;
While [before Ea] it went [grew] Eridu teemed with fertility;
Its seat was the [central] place of the earth.

(SAYCE, p. 238.)

The Babylonian tree of knowledge was the tamar, the straight growing tree, the date palm, from whose fruit date wine was fermented; but at a

of the flesh, they then, as released from a long bondage, rejoice and *mount upwards*." But so little importance does he attach to the question of localisation that he goes on to remark that "this is like the opinion of the Greeks, that good souls have their habitation beyond the ocean" in the happy isles; and in summarising an oration, which, he asserts, he delivered to certain Jews who urged him to join them in taking up arms against the Romans, he represents himself as asking them whether they did not know that "those who depart out of this life, according to the law of nature, . . . enjoy eternal fame; that their houses are sure, that their souls are pure and obedient, and obtain a most holy place *in Heaven*, whence, in the revolution of ages, they are again sent into pure bodies?" ("Wars of the Jews," iii. 8, 5). Here, again, it will be noticed, he turns the doctrine of the resurrection in such a way as to make it look like a transmigration of souls. He does not, however, explain what he means by "Heaven," whether Heaven properly so called, or the sky or upper air.

later period the two trees were, according to Mr. Sayce, fused into one. The Egyptian sacred tree was the Persea tree, and sometimes one, sometimes two, are spoken of; its curiously growing heart-shaped fruit seemed to give it a special significance, and is analogous to the shape of the fruit of the Bo tree or tree of enlightenment, the *Ficus religiosa*, a sacred tree of India. The Egyptian Persea tree, too, was connected with waters of life. On the roof of the great temple of Osiris at Philæ there are, says Brugsch Pasha in his "Geographical Dictionary of Ancient Egypt" (p. 281), two representations of the resuscitation of Osiris, *i.e.*, of nature, by the new waters of the inundation of the Nile, in one of which the water is represented as being poured over him as he lies, with plants growing from his body, while in the other it is being poured round a sacred Persea tree, from beneath which a uræus serpent is issuing. The Nile was supposed to spring from the land of the dead ("Diodorus Siculus Hist."). This whole cycle of ideas, however, appears to go much further back than either Egyptian or Babylonian antiquity. And the heathen representations are diametrically opposed to the Biblical. They represent the serpent as a friendly power—the Akkadian god Hea was worshipped under the form of a serpent, water-snake, fish, dragon—offering the fruits of tree of knowledge and of life, which are associated not primarily with a higher knowledge and life, but with orgiastic worship—the *knowledge* being associated with the delirium caused by intoxicants, and the *life* with sensuality, and also the *knowledge* with sensuality, and the life with the exaltation of intoxication. The serpent was a symbol of, among other things, sensuality and drunkenness (J. P. Val d'Eremao, "The Serpent of Eden," 1888, p. 148).

If he means the second, the idea is that of an upper Paradise, intermediate between earth and Heaven. If he means the first, he believed that the souls of the just enter Heaven. At a later time Paradise was used as equivalent to Heaven, properly so called; and as we do not know with precision when this usage commenced, it is requisite to be very circumspect in dealing with the passages in which the word occurs in the New Testament.*

"Hell," to take another example, now means in ordinary phraseology the hell of the lost, the place of everlasting punishment. One does not need to be an Œdipus to perceive that this limited sense is quite incompatible with its use in Catholic books

*The passages are three in number:—(1) Our Lord's words on the Cross "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43); (2) St. Paul's, "I know such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth;) that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter" (2 Cor. xii. 34); and (3) "To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the Paradise of my God" (Apoc. ii. 7). The *first* passage is often interpreted of Heaven, for, it is argued (*a*) the penitent thief's petition was: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom," and the answer, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," must be construed as an assent to it, so that Paradise must here mean Heaven, because Heaven is Christ's Kingdom; and (*b*) though on that day Christ as man was in the tomb as to His Body, and in Hades as to His Soul, yet as God He was in Heaven, and the penitent thief could be with Him there. But neither reason can be regarded as satisfactory. As God, Our Lord is everywhere; and for Him to have said that His petitioner would be where He Himself was as God, would have been to say nothing, while reference to His Human Nature could have had regard only to His Soul, which descended to Hades. That by "Thy Kingdom" the penitent thief meant Heaven, is, considering the state of Jewish feeling at the time, a by no means likely assumption. He was, presumably, like most other Jews who had not previously been touched by Christ's influence (and, observe, he began by blaspheming Christ), a believer in an earthly Messianic kingdom; and in that case the answer turns his thought another way—"You shall be this very day in Paradise, in the antechamber of Heaven, not in Gehenna, but with Me." In the *second* passage, the word *herpage*, translated "was caught up," does not in itself convey the idea of an upward movement, but means simply "snatched away," or "taken out of himself," or, "fell into a rapture" in which he was in Paradise; and the inference that this Paradise was Heaven depends on two assumptions, the first, that the vision here related was identical with that spoken of in the second verse of the same chapter, of a man fourteen years ago "rapt to the third heaven," and the second, that by the "third heaven" the Heaven of the

and prayers ; for instance, in the petition "That Thou wouldst loose them from the pains of hell, and admit them the more readily to the possession of Thy glory." But, as we have seen, the exclusive and limited use of the word is quite modern. "Hell," like the Latin *Infernus*, the Greek *Hades*, and the Hebrew *Sheôl*, in itself means the underworld. In the wider idea of the spiritual underworld the "hell of the lost" is *included*, as Russia is included in Europe ; but it is not identical with it. Room is thus left for purgatory and for the ideas of a *Limbus patrum* and a *Limbus infantium*. As soon as he is familiar with this, the intelligent student recognises that it is unscholarly to read the modern sense of "hell" indiscriminately into passages

blessed is intended. Neither assumption is probable. It is not likely that after having said "I will come to *visions*," in the plural, and mentioning one which occurred as long as fourteen years before, the same vision should be duplicated, and mentioned over again without a date. We have more probably an ascending series :—first, the third heaven (verse 2), second, Paradise (verses 3-6), and third, a communication from the Lord Himself (verses 8-10). What is meant by the *third* heaven is more uncertain. The phrase was evidently one which St. Paul expected the Corinthian Christians would understand. To the later Greek astronomers it would have meant the heaven next below that of the sun. To the Rabbis of the Talmud (Bab. Talmud, "Chagigah," 12 b) it would have meant the heaven next below Paradise. This was what *we* should call the loftiest part of the terrestrial world—the space in which appear the thin clouds above the intervening firmament or interval of air. Their lowest heaven was *Velum*, the veil of darkness drawn at night over the earth, and covering it like a garment. Their second was *Raqia'*, the firmament or clear upper space. Their third they called *Sheqakhim*, taking the name and the idea from Ps. lxxvii. [lxxviii.] 23, "He had commanded the clouds [Hebrew, *Sheqakhim*] from above, and had opened the doors of Heaven." In the *third* passage, Paradise evidently means the blessedness of the Saints. "To him that overcometh, I will give of the tree of life, which is in the Paradise of my God," is paralleled in the context by "To him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna," "To him that shall overcome . . . I will give power over the nations," "I will make him a pillar in the [heavenly] temple of my God," and "I will give to sit with me in my throne" (Apoc. ii. 7, 17, 26 ; iii. 12, 21 ; cf. ii. 11, iii. 5). This blessedness is also described in the final part of the same book with the adjuncts, though not under the name, of Paradise (Apoc. xxii.) ; the usage of the term—of an underworld Paradise in St. Luke, of an overworld Paradise, which nevertheless was not Heaven, in St. Paul, and finally, of Heaven in the proper sense of the word, in the Apocalypse—corresponding, as I conceive, to the respective *dates* of the Gospel, the Epistle, and the Apocalypse, and to the change which was gradually passing over the meaning of "Paradise."

of the ancient Scriptural or other books where *Inferi*, *Hades*, or *Sheôl* are spoken of. He is only the more on his guard when he finds "hell" in the translations. Keeping in view, as he will naturally do, the *development* of revelation, he will be well aware that he cannot expect to find in earlier records a sharply demarcated doctrine of purgatory, any more than he expects a sharply demarcated doctrine of hell, of the *Limbus infantium*, or of the *Limbus petrum*. He knows that he is looking at the common mass which gradually differentiated itself into these various conceptions under the auspices of the moral law that as a man's works are so his reward shall be; and in the as yet undifferentiated or only partly differentiated common mass, he is the reverse of surprised at discovering elements derived from man's natural and original feeling that death is still and cold, that life is sweet, and that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. He does not, therefore, determinately interpret such passages of hell as distinguished from purgatory, or of purgatory as distinguished from hell; but regards them as in themselves vague and general, and looks to the context and to the clearer light of fuller and later revelation. His position is thus entirely different from that of the mere formal reader, who, whenever he sees the word "hell" in his version, thinks of the hell of the lost, and thus contracts a prejudice against the idea of purgatory, because he nowhere encounters the word purgatory, though across the word hell he is continually coming. To what an extent these merely vulgar prejudices enter into the opposition to the doctrine of purgatory it is unnecessary to follow out in detail. But (to take one example out of many) an Evangelical Protestant—how sadly misused "Evangelical" is, of those who have merely a vulgar and commonplace idea of the Gospel—reads in his Bible the account of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who, because they had rebelled against the authority of Moses, were swallowed up in the pit, in *Sheôl*, in hell, "with their wives, and their sons, and their little ones"

(Numbers xvii.) He does, or does not, reflect how uncertain human life always is, and how much more precarious than now it was in the more hazardous days of old, when Korah, and Dathan, and Abiram, with all their little ones, might so easily have perished suddenly by an attack on the camp, or in so many other ways; though he probably sees that their death was distinguished from other deaths in emphatically teaching a striking and obvious lesson to a rude yet impressible people, and that, in any case, they would now have been dead for thousands of years, in most cases with more dilatory pain. But he fails to see—his very theology prevents him from seeing—that they were dealt with according to their merits and demerits; that some (even though allowance was made for the suddenness of their death) may have entered into the state of the lost, others into a temporary punishment for minor faults, or for faults imperfectly known, others into the *Limbus patrum*, and the little ones into the *Limbus infantium*. His eyes fix themselves on that word the pit, *Sheôl*, hell. They all alike, he concludes, went down to the torments of the lost. And by this conclusion he sows the seed of a crop of insoluble difficulties, which, in the absence of a more reasonable view necessarily lead equitable minds to infidelity.

We have next to discuss the false theory of the sleep of the soul between death and the general resurrection, and the forms which the conception of *Sheôl* assumed in the course of its development.

X. Y. Z.

(*To be continued.*)

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